



**LORD BUNN. MAX RICHTER. VIRALS. TAXVILLE.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 29. FREE.**

MANAGEMENT.	JAMES LOCK.
EDITOR.	SAM WALBY.
DESIGN/ART.	MATT JONES.
PROOF & COPY.	SAM WALBY. FELICITY HEIDEN.
AD DESIGN.	MARIANNE BOLTON. CHRIS GODLEY.
ADVERTISING.	BEN JACKSON. JAMES LOCK.
ADMIN.	SARA HILL.
FINANCE.	SARA HILL. ALEX GROVES.
PHOTOGRAPHY.	NATHAN GIBSON. SARA HILL.
WEBMASTER.	JAMES ROOME.
DISTRIBUTION.	OLLY GALVIN.
WORDLIFE.	JOE KRISS. HELEN BLEJERMAN. AL MCCLIMENS.
WRITERS.	ALT-SHEFF. CLARE MACKENZIE. ANNA JONES. EDWARD ELLISON. TOMMY BLANK. MATT JONES. FRED OXBY. ED WOOLLEY. BRENDAN MCFADDEN. BEN DOREY. ALEX TURNER. GORDON BARKER. SAM WALBY. BEN JACKSON. OWEN COGAN. SARA HILL. JAMES LOCK.

WE AIM:

TO INFORM.

TO RAISE AWARENESS OF INDEPENDENT
ART, LITERATURE, MUSIC, TRADE AND
LOCAL POLITICS.

TO CULTIVATE AND EMPOWER
COMMUNITY CHOICE, VOICE AND
RESPONSIBILITY.

ALL BACK ISSUES // NOWTHENSHEFFIELD.COM

ARTIST?	JONES@NOWTHENSHEFFIELD.COM
MUSICIAN?	SAM@NOWTHENSHEFFIELD.COM
WRITER?	SUBS@NOWTHENSHEFFIELD.COM
ADVERTISER?	ADS@NOWTHENSHEFFIELD.COM

JOIN THE FACEBOOK GROUP - SEARCH FOR ‘NOW THEN.’

NOWTHEN MAGAZINE IS PRODUCED IN SHEFFIELD BY
OPUS INDEPENDENTS. WE ARE A NOT-FOR-PROFIT
ORGANISATION DEDICATED TO PROMOTING LOCAL ART,
MUSIC AND TRADE IN THE STEEL CITY AND BEYOND.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER AT PRINTABILITY.
WE RECYCLE ALL PAPER WASTE USING THE SERVICES
OF RECYCLINGREVOLUTION.CO.UK

THE VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES
ARE THE OPINION OF THE WRITERS, NOT NECESSARILY
THOSE OF NOW THEN MAGAZINE. ENJOY THE READ.

EDITORIAL.

Thanks to everyone who filled in the Now Then Readership Survey over the last couple of months – we’ve had some pretty interesting responses and are pondering them all thoughtfully. Your opinions should help us improve and refine what we do, and you will be pleased to hear we still have big plans to realise before 2010 disappears from the horizon.

This month I had a chat to classical composer Max Richter about his new album Infra, an adaptation of a score he wrote for a ballet. No pretensions here though - just an all-round nice guy who happens to be a wizard on the piano. Read about him on page 39.

I would recommend reading Wordlife, particularly ‘Precious’ by Al McClimens, as well as Ed Ellison’s article on the Robin Hood Tax.

SAM.

NOW THEN 29 // AUGUST.
EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE OK.

P.5 // LOCALCHECK.
Summer events in Sheffield and beyond.

P.7 // SECRET SHEFFIELD.
The Asylum.

P.9 // PARK HILL.
A retort.

P.12 // TAXVILLE.
Or Shaving Slices of Salami from a Smurf.

P.14 // VIRALS.
You Can’t Beat a Bit of Bully.

P.16 // WORDLIFE.
Helen Blejerman / Al McClimens.

P.20 // LORD BUNN.
The beard is back.

P.33 // SOUNDTRACK.
The Singing Neanderthals.

P.34 // LIVE.
Yeasayer / Broken Social Scene /
Tuesday Club / Sepultura.

P.36 // SOUND.
Venetian Snares / Health / Max Richter /
Singing Knives / Clever Girl.

P.38 // MAX RICHTER.
New classical composer talks about Infra.

P.42 // THEATRE.
Alice.

P.43 // FILMREEL.
Ghostbusters / White Material.

NEW YORK DELI.
Sandwich & Bagel Bar
No.1 for Bagels
Freshly made Bagels,
Sandwiches,
Paninis, Hotdogs,
American Pancakes
+ Much More...
We also sell a selection
of Fairtrade Coffees
Functions catered for!!
Open Mon-Fri 8.30-3.30
Sat 10.30-3.30
10 Commonsides, Walkley S10 1GB
Pre orders welcome: 07733200406

the
PORTER BOOKSHOP
Specialists in literature, history,
philosophy & film.

01142667762
227 Sharrow Vale Road
Sheffield S11 8ZE
Mon-Sat 10am-6pm

Secondhand books bought & sold.

**YOUR
ADVERT
HERE.**

**INDEPENDENT TRADERS,
COMMUNITY GROUPS
& CHARITIES ONLY.**

We have an estimated print readership of 20,000 and each advert is displayed online for free.

GET IN TOUCH, DISCOUNTED
SUMMER RATES AVAILABLE

CONTACT:
ADS@NOWTHENSHEFFIELD.COM
PHONE BEN: 07754884600

BEANIE'S
WHOLEFOODS
CO-OP
205-207 CROOKES VALLEY ROAD - SHEFFIELD
Tel: 0114 268 1662

Open 7 days a week : Monday – Friday 9am – 8pm
Saturday 9am – 6pm
Sunday 11am – 4pm

- Sheffield's oldest, friendliest and most enthusiastic Vegetarian / Vegan and Organic Wholefood shop!!
- Local Produce / Organic Box Scheme / Interesting Seasonal Fruit and Vegetables....
- We are here to help with your dietary needs!!
- On the 95 bus route... just behind the University....



LOCALCHECK.

SUMMER EVENTS IN SHEFFIELD AND BEYOND.

HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

Looking for something cool to do? August seems to be time to escape the heat of the city, maybe for a bit of music, freedom and protest in the open air.

Ah yes, the counter-culture...was it just a 1960s dream? With festivals charging about fifty quid a night, and few even nodding towards good causes or sustainability, it's good to know there are alternatives. One or two events for the discerning concerned citizen happen this month. Earth First has a summer gathering, 4-9th August in Derbyshire, then the Camp for Climate Action 2010 pitches its tents in Edinburgh from 21st to 24th. No doubt a few Sheffield people will be there. If you can get to Scotland also consider the long-running Faslane Peace Camp - visitors are always welcome. On the first Saturday every month they have a noise demo, with workshops, free café and afternoon kids' space. Contact 01436 820901 if you fancy going. Down south there's the Animal Rights Summer Gathering in Northampton, 27-30th August. At the nasty Atomic Weapons Establishment (AWE) at Aldermaston in Berkshire, a women's peace camp is held on the second weekend of every month, and male visitors are welcome in the daytime. Another powerful anti-war group, Trident Ploughshares, has its summer gathering also in Berkshire, from 2-6th September.

OK, so if you're not up for flying round the countryside, maybe you're stuck in with the kids sofa-squatting and having a summer that drags like afternoon telly? Real hands-on fun is much better than watching pseudo-life on a screen, and it won't cost you a stash of cash. Have a look at the Event Sheffield website. Once you get the hang of the Search Events button there are loads of lovely ideas for little ones and big ones alike. For example, it's the best place to track down what the Sheffield Parks and Countryside Rangers are up to. In August the rangers are getting out and about, and into everything from mini-beasts to mountain biking.

My other stay-at-home suggestion for August would be to look at your carbon footprint. We're barbecuing the planet. Come on, everyone knows it. Saving water, conserving energy and growing greener has got to be done. No ifs-and-water-butts about it - environmentalism: your time has come. Don't hand your dosh over to the nearest megastore jumping on the green bandwagon though. Get some good advice. Heeley City Farm has been plugging away at this for years. They must now be thinking "If you build it, they will come". With their partner projects like South Yorkshire Energy Centre, community cafe and garden centre, they are open 10am-4pm most days. Also look out for Family Fuel Busters Fun Days at the Energy House throughout August.

Whether you're up for action or sitting at home wondering where the action is, have a look at Alt-Sheff. It's the 'alternative' guide to what's on and who's doing it, in and around Sheffield. It's updated all the time with events and news snippets. Don't be a passive passenger, get out and make a change. Activism is good for your health, and your social life - and it might just help to save the planet, if we're quick.

earthfirstgathering.org.uk

climatecamp.org.uk

argathering.org.uk

aldermaston.net

tridentploughshares.org

eventssheffield.co.uk

heeleyfarm.org.uk

alt-sheff.co.uk

SECRET SHEFFIELD.

THE ASYLUM.

CLARE MACKENZIE.

Tucked away in Hillsborough, just off Middlewood Road there is a housing development that used to be one of the leading mental asylums in the UK. It originally opened in 1872 and was considered one of the most imposing structures in Sheffield. Parts of this beautiful building have been preserved in all their gothic glory, actual monuments to architectural artistry.

Back in the day you could visit patients only once a month and, with the closest railway station a great distance away, people had to get there via a horsedrawn omnibus or horse and trap. It was very difficult to find anything out about the redevelopment and it took many phone calls to track any information down.

Middlewood Lodge was the old hospital administration building and the clock atop the roof bears the name of the developer, Urban-i, who restored it to its beautiful current state. PJ Livesey redeveloped what was Middlewood Hospital and is now known to residents as Kingswood Hall.

It is incredibly unusual in this day and age for developers to restore buildings when a profit can be turned so much more easily by knocking something down and maximising the space to fit more 'units', but I have to say both Urban-i and PJ Livesey really do deserve a different accolade, one that is respectful and loving of stunning architecture.

When I spoke to both developers, whilst there was a tone of frustration at how painstakingly difficult it was to restore these buildings, there was also a sense of pride and achievement there. In both cases, whilst the buildings were listed, they had been condemned by the local councils and earmarked for demolition. It was only when these two companies stepped in that the staggering projects, restoring architecture that should go on record as a celebrated art, began.

In each case the architects were faced with interiors well beyond repair, wood that had rotted throughout and holes in ceilings you could fit cars through without risk of touching the edges. One recalls actually putting his foot through a floorboard, so rotten was its state after ten years of total neglect and exposure to the elements.

They even donated the original architectural drawings to Sheffield Library rather than shoving them away in dusty office storage files. The photographer Luis Arroyo is probably the building's main historian now and you can see his compelling pictures and some he has managed to get his hands on at www.therham-images.co.uk

The pictures on his site show accounts in images of staff, patients, letters and even well wishing retirement cards. Normally you would expect a building of this type in that era to be the stuff of horror films and I certainly expected, almost wanted this to be the case. Instead all I have found are memories of cutting edge treatment, care and a close knit community that encouraged work and recreation in its patients.

When some 1,000 plus patients were overcrowding the facilities, more blocks were added and the red bricks you can see in the buildings today were made by the patients themselves. Although Middlewood tried to treat its patients well, little was known or understood about mental illness at this time and treatments such as opium and heavy sedation were the order of the day.

Not many people know that originally nursing staff were often recruited from prostitutes, alcoholics and undesirables and it was Florence Nightingale who brought standards and cleanliness into the profession. Nurses at Middlewood often didn't stay long, despite reasonable working conditions and considerable pay rates.

It can be understood however, being surrounded by 1,000 mental people, or people not of sound mind, as they later termed it, would be challenging at best and at worst eventually make you question your own sanity. Due to the high numbers of patients in close quarters, outbreaks of diarrhoea were common.

In 1964 Middlewood Hospital laboratory was staffed by only four people. It played an integral part in the day to day diagnosis and treatment work and, apart from routine laboratory processes and some biochemistry, it also did a great deal of work in connection with blood transfusion and haematology.

There is a book written by the Medical Superintendent, Dr Frederick Thorpe who worked at the Hospital for over 37 years and retired in 1964. The book is titled: The Middlewood Hospital Sheffield. One Hundred Years 1872 - 1972.

When I visited the sites, I perhaps expected a leftover sense of melancholy about the place. It was even a rainy, depressive day. But the buildings have been restored so beautifully and they are clearly popular with residents, so they seem to now house happier homes and memories. The grounds are beautiful and it is difficult to believe their location, just off a busy main road in Hillsborough.



PARK HILL.

A RETORT.

ANNA JONES.

AFTER READING AN ARTICLE ON PARK HILL FLATS IN MAY’S EDITION, I BECAME SOMEWHAT INCENSED BY ITS INACCURACIES AND THOUGHT I’D ADDRESS A FEW MYTHS ABOUT THE FLATS. MY RESEARCH INTO PARK HILL BEGAN THREE YEARS AGO AND WHEN I STARTED OUT, I’LL ADMIT, I OCCUPIED A POSITION OF ALMOST COMPLETE IGNORANCE IN REGARDS TO THEIR PAST AND FUTURE. BUT THE MORE I DISCOVER ABOUT THEIR CHEQUERED HISTORY, STABLE PRESENT AND IMPENDING RETURN TO FORMER GLORY, THE MORE IMPASSIONED I AM ABOUT CHAMPIONING THEIR CAUSE.

Love them or hate them, Park Hill flats will continue to watch loftily over our city for the foreseeable future. So, what’s the story?

COMING UP FROM THE SLUMS.

The steep hill behind the train station used to be covered with slum housing. The conditions there were fit for neither man nor beast. The slums suffered from severe overcrowding, no facilities, a high crime rate (they were known locally as ‘Little Chicago’), and were rife with disease and heavily scarred by war time bombing. Something had to be done, so two young architects with big ideas took to the drawing board. Their final design was way ahead of its time, inspired by the seminal French architect Le Corbusier. Completed in 1961, Park Hill reigned supreme as Europe’s largest and most progressive estate, comprising of 1,197 flats.

Strong community values have always been at the heart of Park Hill. When people finally made it out of the slums, they were put in flats next to their old neighbours to keep this spirit alive. With covered walkways as wide as streets outside each front door, people could (and still do) bring out a chair and chat to their neighbours. There’s incredible attention to detail in the design and people thought these new flats were amazing. They contained larger than average rooms, great views, easy access to town, sink waste disposal, cheap central heating and all other mod cons. The new homes exceeded expectations. Within the estate there was also all manner of shops, including butchers, bakers, clothes shops, electrical shops, four pubs and primary, secondary and nursery schools. People could get all they needed without ever needing to leave the complex – or take off their pyjamas!

AUSTERITY 80S.

Park Hill was a victim of cruel circumstance in the 70s and 80s. As society started to change, so did its housing needs. With the decline of the steel and coal industries, unemployment increased, meaning more tenants were on benefits. The basic family unit changed beyond recognition and the population of the flats went from being established and stable to being in a constant state of flux. All this was compounded by a chronic reduction of investment in council housing.

WHY NOT KNOCK IT DOWN?

To ‘blow up’ Park Hill, as suggested in May’s article, would cost millions of pounds which the council don’t have. The money being used for the regeneration is coming from central government funding (which can only be used for creating new homes), private investment and English Heritage. Simply put, the money could not be used for any other projects in the city. Moreover, the flats are well designed and structurally sound - to demolish them wouldn’t make sense for either the environment or for housing in Sheffield. What would you rather live in; a spacious, well designed renovated flat or one of those tiny new-build boxes that have sprung up all over our city centre like an unsightly, uniform rash? A third of the flats will be for social renting and the rest for private sale, with a host of shops and other facilities on site - all the ingredients needed for a successful and sustainable neighbourhood. And most of all, Park Hill has character (it’s Grade 2* Listed), community and compassion (there are still 200+ people living there in clean, crime-free surroundings).

Instead of finding fault in something too easily misunderstood, why not support the restoration of this piece of Sheffield heritage and its valuable place in the past, present and future of our city?



J. H. MANN LTD.
Specialist fishmongers



261 Sharrowvale Road Sheffield S11 8ZE
(0114) 267 6390 - www.jhmann.co.uk



Organic and local
products fruit
and vegetables
chutneys and spreads
juices and other
tasty morsels

You can find us at:
268 Sharrow Vale Road,
Hunters Bar, Sheffield, S11 8ZH
0114 267 0133

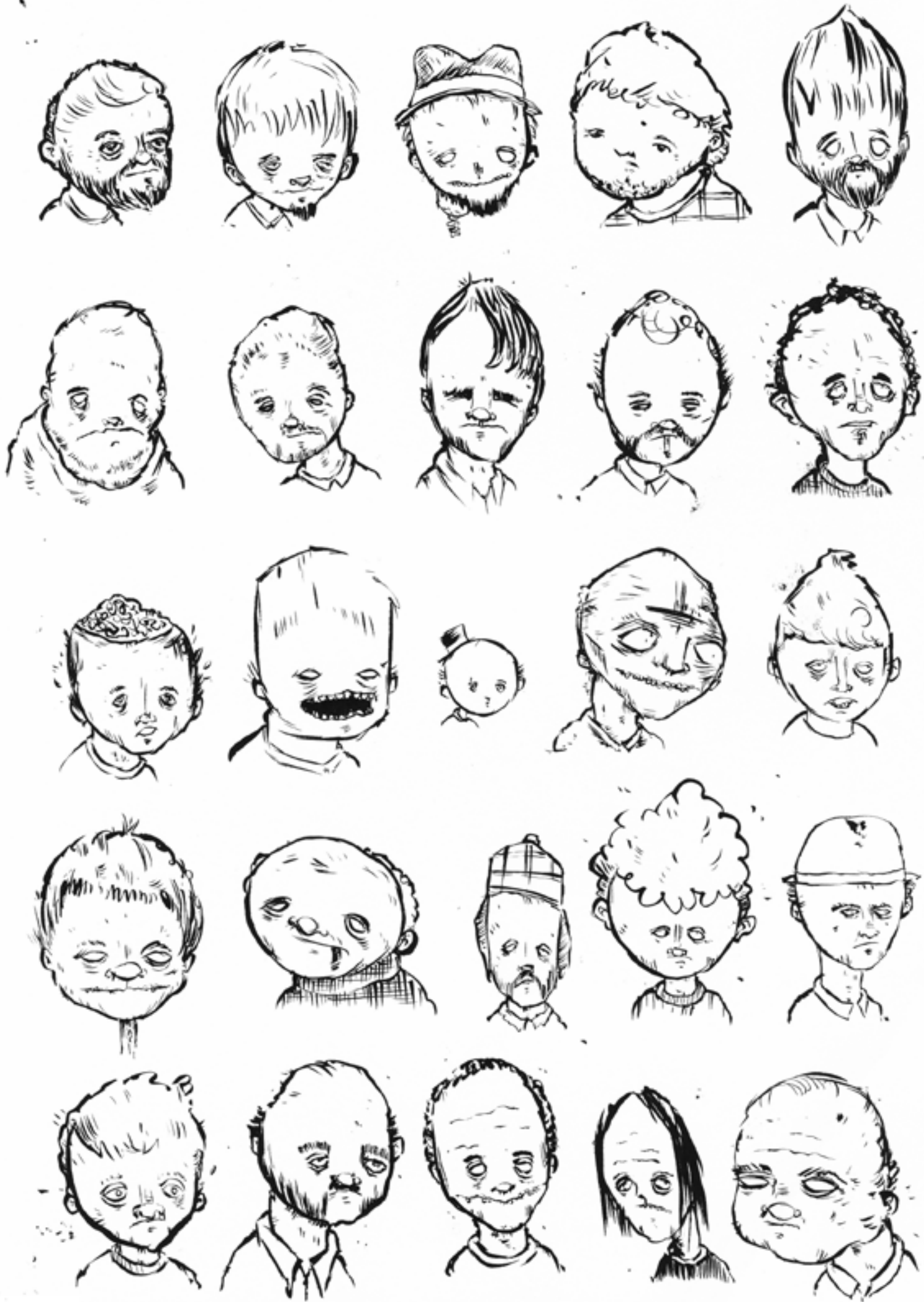


RONEYS
TRADITIONAL & FREE RANGE BUTCHERS
276 SHARROWVALE ROAD, SHEFFIELD, S11 8ZH

KELLY BRONZE TURKEYS
(THE REGION'S ONLY SUPPLIER)
RSPCA FREEDOM FOOD PORK
LOCALLY PRODUCED LAMB & BEEF
FRESHLY MADE SANDWICHES
AVAILABLE ALL DAY

NOW WITH HOT CARVERY

TEL: 0114 266 05 93





THE SO-CALLED ROBIN HOOD TAX (RHT) IS A PROPOSED TAX ON TRANSACTIONS WITHIN FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS. IT DOES NOT INCLUDE TRANSACTIONS BY INDIVIDUALS AND IS ESTIMATED TO BE ABLE TO RAISE UP TO £200 BILLION PER YEAR BASED ON LEVIES OF BETWEEN 0.005% AND 0.05%. THERE IS AN EXTREMELY COHERENT EXPLANATORY VIDEO ON THE WEBSITE: ROBINHOODTAX.ORG.UK.

This is an example of accumulating many tiny amounts of money into a much more significant whole. I remember hearing the term 'micro payment' for the first time in 2001, although it was nothing new. Like many people, I was introduced to the concept of 'salami slicing' by the movie Superman III. The salami metaphor can be applied in either direction; a large sum can be made up of lots of small pieces, or small amounts can be shaved off a large amount without being noticed. The proposed RHT would accumulate an enormous amount of tax revenue whilst being an insignificant burden on its target.

The term 'smurfing' was coined in the 80s and refers to the practice of dividing large transactions into several smaller ones in order to avoid being noticed by regulatory or statutory bodies who might want to tax or investigate them.

In Superman III, the character Gus Gorman discovers how to collect all the fractions of cents left over due to the rounding down of computer-based calculations. He writes a computer program that gathers them all together and pays himself a fat salary cheque of \$90k. Back in the real world, the only people earning that kind of monthly bonus are bankers. Makes you think, doesn't it? Gorman foolishly buys a sports car and drives it to work at the same employer that he has just embezzled, apparently not familiar with that whole Smurf concept.

In this country, tax is a dirty word and most people resent having to pay a single penny. It does not take a genius to understand that without taxation there would be no public services, but the resentment is so ingrained that political campaigns are often based on promises of lower taxes. In practice each incoming government changes so many rules, regulations and allowances that it is impossible to work out if you are better or worse off. Is this a subtle, salami-slice of intended confusion or simply the lone Smurf of incompetence? Taxation is inevitable in a developed and urban society, so let's get used to the idea.

Our newly elected government has just issued a new budget but has not implemented the RHT, although it is widely supported and easily implemented in a system that is universally computerised.

Despite the rhetoric of Tweedle Cameron and Tweedle Clegg, who talk about a fairer Britain, the Conservative Party (despite the conjoined, facile LibDem idiot-child) has never been shy of favouring the haves at the expense of the have-nots. By increasing Value Added Tax (VAT) to 20% they have put extra tax on almost everything we buy. It even hits the homeless, the unemployed and those without a bank account. If the price of everything goes up then they can penalise the most vulnerable, directly and indirectly. We'll call it the General Belgrano Tax and it will sink everyone, regardless of status.

On the other hand, the National Lottery is a voluntary tax, some say a tax on the poor. I say it is a tax on people who want something for nothing, and if that's their motivation then they deserve to be parted from their money. It's actually giving most people nothing for something. However the National Lottery has one saving grace - despite having no say in what it's spent on, at least you can choose not to contribute. Let's call it the Peter Stringfellow Tax. It's just another form of gambling.

TAXVILLE.

OR SHAVING SLICES OF SALAMI FROM A SMURF.

EEX.

Does no-one else find the thought of government-endorsed gambling repellent? The democratically-elected, holier-than-thou busy-bodies who believe that they know best for the British people by progressively denying us the pleasures of smoking and drinking, are the same morally corrupt manipulators who are directly and indirectly promoting the extremely destructive and addictive obsession that is gambling. Gambling is the most invidious of vices and these days it's everywhere thanks to the government relaxing its regulation and advertising restrictions.

Having said all this, I have a few suggestions for a new, voluntary tax initiative that our current government could implement, given that they have already demonstrated their lack of scruples by not implementing the RHT in their emergency budget.

One of the truly astounding phenomena of social gaming is the puzzlingly successful Facebook game FarmVille. Pundits criticised its developers when they decided to "monetise" it. For the uninitiated, the word means adding options in the game that need to be paid for with real money. The Guardian published a story about a 12-year-old boy who blew £900 on FarmVille, buying virtual nothings. He squandered his own savings then hit his mother's credit card without her knowledge. Many of these games are highly addictive, but merely exercises in resource management that promote nothing educational nor lasting, just unfounded aspiration, excessive consumption and a limitless horizon of frustration. The developers, Zynga, have effectively discovered a legal way of stealing pennies from children. Maybe we should call it the Fagin Tax.

Governments could learn from this. Why stop at pennies? This kind of pervasive, chewing-gum self-subjugation is ripe for exploitation. Which more malleable, easily identified and vulnerable market is there than children? Zynga have found a way of inspiring the same desperate clutching-at-straws that is gambling, while also appealing to an extremely impressionable and irrationally addictive demographic. And it's legal. According to the Guardian, FarmVille has 63 million players. That's more than the population of the United Kingdom. They are not all children, of course, but if we could shave a penny from each player, every day, we could have that £200 billion of funny-money that the Bank of England has "quantitatively eased" into the economy paid off in a year and the poor suckers would hardly notice it.

We'd call it TaxVille and it would be a resource management game in which you have to balance the nation's budget. It would, of course, be endless and ultimately impossible but success would be vaguely promised by the buying of optional fantasy add-ons such as Quantitative Easing, Public Borrowing and Proportional Representation.

I am joking, of course, although nothing I have written is untrue.

I believe the Robin Hood Tax is one of the few universally justifiable taxes and should be implemented forthwith, although I have a suggested extension.

Let's levy micro-payments on every single electronic transaction for every product, service and financial exchange, including any transactions that move money offshore. Go ahead, put your money in a Jersey bank and we'll tax it on the way out and again on the way back in. Every payment into, out of, or within any bank, building society, insurance company or any commercial organisation whatsoever. Neither salami slicing, penny shaving nor smurfing would enable you to avoid it and it would be a percentage, a very small percentage, which would make it a proportional tax, so the rich pay more. It would trivial, annoying and unavoidable and we'd call it the Russell Brand Tax. Simple.

edwardellison.wordpress.com

VIRALS.

YOU CAN'T BEAT A BIT OF BULLY.

TOMMY BLANK.

Meme: n. An Internet sensation that sweeps the web and as a consequence is accepted into popular culture. When in video form, the meme is commonly referred to as a viral video.

Through the ages we have adapted, toiled and succeeded to invent new and exciting ways to taunt and humiliate our fellow man, particularly those lower down on the social hierarchy. From the medieval spectacle of launching projectile groceries at those condemned to the stocks for stealing pheasants, to developing the revered skill of the one-handed drawing of a chalk cock on the blazer of an unwitting do-gooder, we've always done it and we've gotten very good at it.

And now, thanks to fibre optic telecommunication, we've well and truly mastered it. Instead of a small village of incestuous farmers waist deep in faecal matter or a class of thirty restless children, the technology exists to allow audiences to be made up of literally millions of people squealing in collective delight at the hilarity of another's misfortune.

And if you're Tay Zonday - the oddball who sang the baritone interpretation of racial inequality 'Chocolate Rain' that was as mystifying as it was amusing - a captive audience of 53.5 million is your reward.

It's sinister and it's merciless, but in my eyes it epitomises humanity.

Similarly, this brand of exhibitionism makes the initial rounds of talent show programming well worth the effort. I'll happily endure the debatable expertise oozing from the overfed chasms of the reptilian panellists in order to catch a deluded idiot attempting to wow the nation, sporting talent as lacking as his grasp of the word's very meaning. It's the only reason I'd bother to interrupt the constant crackle of canned laughter echoing from whatever repeat I'm half watching on Dave.

The public degradation of those who falsely believe they are talented is some of the funniest shit you're ever likely to see on the small (or even smaller) screen, and the internet is the proud new home of this primordial practice. Take Star Wars Kid, for example.

In November 2002, an overweight and under-loved high school student from Canada shot a video of himself posturing with a telescopic stick, fighting off imaginary foes with his makeshift lightsaber. Complete with his own sound effects, and showering the surrounding perimeter with spittle, he clumsily took on the invisible Empire while struggling at times to stay on his podgy little feet. Abandoning his work, probably to trot off and eat some worms, he forgot all about his debut performance in front of the soft



hum of the drama department's budget camcorder.

Some weeks later, a fellow student (blessed with foresight comparable to Nostradamus) found the said footage and had the presence of mind to upload it on to the World Wide Web. He created an overnight star. Animated cameo appearances in popular TV shows like Family Guy and South Park were slightly marred by the fact that the Star Wars Kid is reported to be in psychiatric care after a lawsuit against the pupil who found the video eventually collapsed.

Brutal. But with 18 million views on YouTube, inspiring nonetheless.

From our ivory tower up in the lofty heights of social superiority, this is what we live for. Like a pack of starved coyotes we seize upon the weak and vulnerable, jettisoning ourselves into a smug utopia where our own insecurities pale in comparison to these clotting clusters of phlegm, violently coughed up by popular culture.

And the beauty of the viral video? Minimal guilt.

I don't know the poor bastard, I won't ever meet him, and 17,999,999 other people have already near soiled themselves laughing at him. So what difference does it make if I join in? He won't know I've sent it to all my colleagues, or left it looping on mute with the drum and bass remix of the Imperial March playing over the top, laughing as I unreservedly splash Henderson's Relish all over my humble pie.

But that's just it isn't it - popular culture will always embrace the queue of idiots lining up to be this week's guilt-free joke. Tay Zonday even signed up for a glamorous hip hop video funded by a Dr Pepper advertising campaign after he rocketed to fame as that particular week's dickhead numero uno.

If the meme has replaced the torturous winnet trapped in the arse crack of society that was the corporation created LOL-fads such as the Crazy Frog, then long may it live. Cruel it might be, but at least it's organic and it's real. So I say let the cavalries arrive, eager for their five minutes of ridicule. You'll find me by the 'Share This' button, impatiently waiting to pounce like James Corden at a finger buffet.

That is, until fucking Jamster start selling them off as ringtones.

Tommy Blank lives at inholesandcorners.com.

in the

Vine Inn

Come and try Sheffield's best beer garden.
A relaxed atmosphere with BBQs bands and DJs

2 pools tables with weekly
pool competitions

Redtooth poker League

Weekly music quiz

Free wi-fi

Check facebook for weekly events

160 Cemetery Rd, Sheffield

A stylized illustration of the Vine Inn, a two-story brick building with multiple windows. In front of the building is a paved area with some outdoor seating under umbrellas. A person is walking across the foreground from left to right.



**SOUR
JAM**
SHEFFIELD'S
STICKIEST
T-SHIRT
LABEL

WWW.SOURJAM.COM

kinaara
family cuisine
INDIAN, THAI & CHINESE BUFFET

**EAT AS MUCH
AS YOU LIKE**

VEGETARIAN DISHES NOW AVAILABLE
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK - 5-11PM
261 STANFORTH ROAD, DARNALL
0114 244 9199
www.kinaara.co.uk
VISIT OUR WEBSITE TO SEE OUR MENUS

WORDLIFE.

COLLATED AND EDITED BY JOE KRISS.

Two prose submissions this month, both evocative depictions of cityscapes. Two very different approaches, but they work strangely well together. The first exhibits some gritty realism, while the second is almost dream like.

Some news for young writers this month - Word Life, alongside Signposts and Cadaverine, will be editing and publishing an anthology of writing from young people in Yorkshire. The book will be published in October and launched as part of the Off The Shelf Literature Festival. Prose and poetry submissions accepted by writers aged 13-24.

Send all submissions to wordlifeuk@gmail.com with the subject line ‘anthology’ by 31st August.

JOE.



PRECIOUS.

Precious runs up and down the carriage. Give her some credit, she has learned about metabolism and now knows that the drug enters her bloodstream faster the more active she is. So she runs and the Ritalin begins to take effect. That’s another thing she’s learned. Dose is all important. Forget the right dose. Over dose is better. But that’s easy. Her mother’s understanding is based on take your tablets because the doctor says so and more is always better. The chemist has queried the repeat prescription and she tells her the dog has eaten them. The social worker reads the email and laughs. Cross-Staffs on Ritalin, that’s all we need.

The train drops its load of kids at Meadowhall and now Precious has more room to race around. She stops in front of a guy in his thirties reading the freesheet. Screams Pervert! in his face and runs to her mother. That man’s a paedo, he touched my leg. She hauls her skirt up round her waist to show exactly where this touch took place.

The baby is grizzling and then screaming. Then yelling then crying. The mother consoles it. Shurrup will ya! Precious instantly applies the broken record technique. She knows she has to adopt this tactic early on if she wants to get her mother’s attention away from the baby.

Mum I need a tablet Mum I need a tablet Mum I need a tablet Mum I need a tablet Mum I need a tablet Mum I need a tablet until she gets a tablet. The baby is still crying but louder now and over the noise of the announcements and the diesel’s shrieking brakes her mother advises her Sit down or I’ll wallop you.

Precious knows this is an empty threat. Precious knows that she won’t be getting hit today because if she gets hit she’ll tell Uncle Johnny and he’ll slap her mum. Uncle Johnny is her favourite of her mum’s men. He always has a cigarette for her. Her mum pulls a glass Coke bottle from her bag. Yep, the old green glass variety. It still has what appears to be Coke inside. She rummages around while Precious takes a text message from Sheila who is in Primark stealing socks. Her mother finds an old rubber teat and snaps it in to place over the Coke bottle and slides it down till it’s a neat fit. In that one action you can tell how she makes her spare money. The baby guzzles from the bottle. Precious snatches it from its gummy mouth and swigs. Belches. Drops the bottle on the seat. Her mother says I’m warning you. But Precious doesn’t see the need for any warning because nothing is going to happen. Precious spins round and grins into her mother’s face. I saw you shagging that bloke from Tesco last night. You thought I was watching DVDs but I saw you.

The hand is fast and accurate. Precious is dumped on the floor and the carriage is quiet and the sound of the slapped face echoes as the doors slide and the passengers are relieved to get off the train and step onto the platform. Precious jumps down from the train. Get back on here now, y’hear! Precious looks round for the exit as her mother struggles with the baby and the buggy. The doors close. Precious pulls a face as the train moves out in the direction of Nottingham. Her mother bashes the window and shouts and points to her mobile. Her mother is out of credit. The baby is crying. The man she called a paedophile is standing right behind Precious now. She turns and regards him evenly. Which way is Primark, mister?

AL MCCLIMENS.

AMONGST MARBLES AND MEMORIES.

I arrived and the city was alone, I mean alone, alone. Like that intimacy of a static shock, that emerges from the centre of silence to the very tip of each hair on the body. Like when you touch the cold toe of your father to realize that he is dead. No turning back, his first day as a dead person. Well, the city was defunct. They say that when one leaves a place behind, the last photographic image is frozen and the memory is made. This loses warmth, gains coldness, and remains petrified, so that one by one they can be piled on the back (perhaps this is why old people walk hunched over, from all the weight of so many memories). This last photo-memory makes it difficult to understand that even though one is not present, the place that one left behind remains alive. The first light is still lit every morning, the last light is still turned off every night and the motherly early dawn keeps taking care of the drunk, showing through the puddles his wandering soul zigzagging.

Because of the rigidity of the memories, it is not easy to understand that the liquids of the place one left still run through his veins. The racket of the city inhales and exhales, and that the birds sing in the neighbourhoods and escape from thousands of open cages...whether one is present or not.

Here the city did not remain alive, it remained dead. I don’t know why and I don’t know when.

The place is the same as before, but I don’t recognize what I see. I am sure that it is the right place, because I walked in and there was a welcome sign. The kind that the councils place so that you know you arrived.

While I looked for the street where I was born – maybe looking for my mother’s arms – I thought I saw a child. But, what would a lonely creature be doing in a deserted city? What looked to be a young girl, it was. She got closer to me and made a sign to follow her. I wanted to ask what she knew about what was happening...or better yet, not happening? I followed her. She started to run and forced me to run. I yelled, “stop, be careful!” Watching a little girl run on a big deserted avenue seems much more dangerous than watching her on the same avenue full of cars. She turned around a corner where a group of children were playing in a schoolyard. The children pummelled the silence with laughter. The mysterious creature and unique inhabitant joined the group of mysterious children, unique inhabitants. While I tried to understand first this loneliness and now the presence of the children, someone who seemed to be a teacher came out into the schoolyard, but quickly returned to the building. The girl ran from the schoolyard and I followed her saying, “be careful, you can’t run like that through an empty city!”

The little girl entered what looked like a market. I got closer to find myself in a typical local market, with pink tarp roofs and uncountable fresh vegetables. The creature was always visible, but now frustratingly unreachable. The market full of new unique residents (and noisy ones),

gave a view, far away, of a completely transited avenue: horns, motors, whistles, police officers, ambulance sirens...people coming and going. A subway entrance also emerged, with open rivers of people entering and leaving indefinitely. There was no longer any sign of the girl.

The lifeless city was alive. The spaces earned their existence. They filled slowly and continually like the waves of a river when a pebble is skipped over the surface. I found myself almost on the outskirts, pushed and welcomed at the same time by these reconstructed scenes.

These aren’t the people that I remember; they are all different. I ask myself, where were they the moment I arrived? And where are those that I left? Could it be that in the distance, memory unkisses, unhugs and retrieves infatuations? Could it be that one takes with themselves the souls of people they know and doesn’t return them to their bodies and those bodies must make new souls?

I suppose that one, upon arriving to the place that was left long ago, draws new bodies, faces, and loves...or perhaps after everything, the place that hasn’t been visited in a long time, does die and is revived with each visit.

HELEN BLEJERMAN.

Translated by Laura Davis, taken from Antología de Cuento Breve Recuentos Urbanos (Palabras y Plumas Editores, México DF, 2010)

www.abbeydalebrewery.co.uk

THIRST AID



Abbeydale

...makes it better



THE RISING SUN

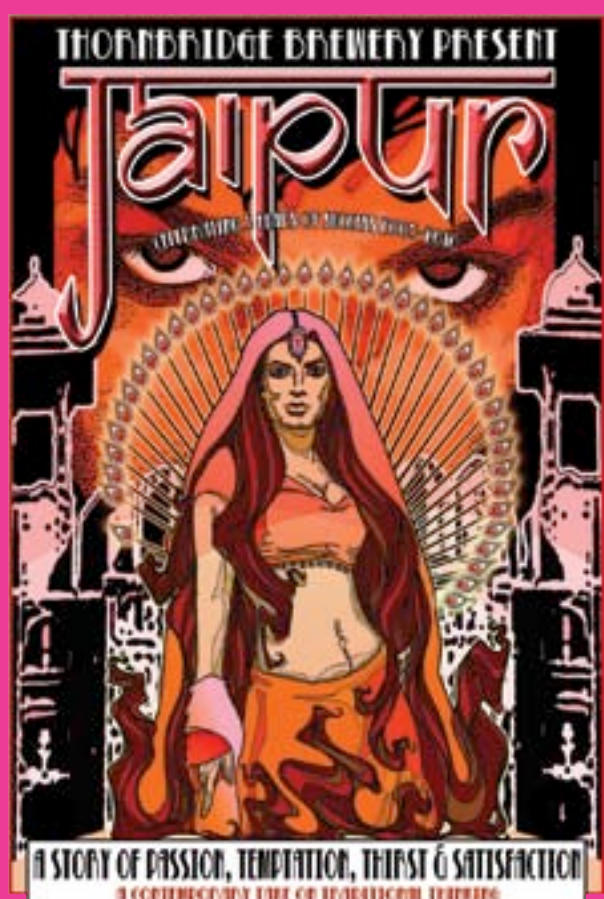
An Abbeydale Brewery Pub
13 real ales
including 6 guests from microbreweries - some rare and unusual! 6 Abbeydales including seasonals

Good selection of Belgian bottles, real cider, draught lagers, Belgian fruit beers, real cider and perry often available

Open 12 to 11 daily
Food available lunchtimes and evenings weekdays and Saturday
Sunday lunches 12-3.30pm

Getting there:
471 Fulwood Road On the no 40 and 120
Sheffield S10 3QA bus routes from city
0114 230 3855 Buses every 10 mins

www.risingsunsheffield.co.uk





Thornbridge BREWERY

The Best Beer in Sheffield Celebrates 5 Years of Success 2005 - 2010

With over 60 awards, including twice winner of the best beer in Sheffield, Jaipur is probably the UK's most successful beer and it's not just us who think so

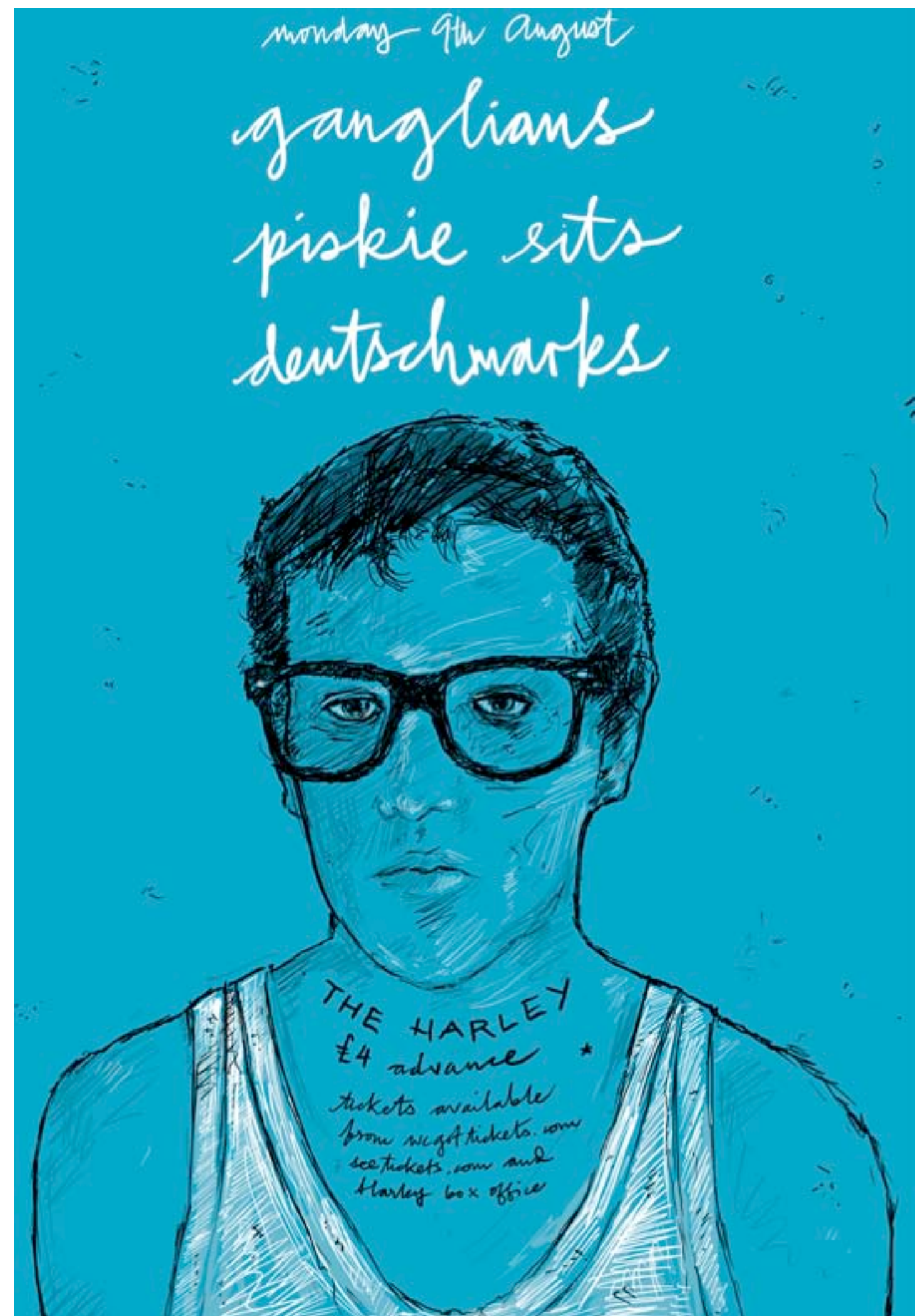
"Bold and chewy with enough tropical fruits to supply an exotically themed harvest festival. Jaipur trades licks with the best American IPAs - it's going to save me a fortune on air fares."
Pete Brown BEER WRITER OF THE YEAR 2010

"A glorious IPA"
Roger Protz EDITOR OF THE GOOD BEER GUIDE

Visit our website jaipuripa.com during 2010 to discover the history of this great beer, tell us why you love Jaipur and enter a competition to win a prize of Jaipur goodies.

Thornbridge, Riverside Brewery, Buxton Road, Bakewell, Derbyshire DE45 1GS
jaipur@thornbridgebrewery.co.uk Telephone 01629 641000

www.jaipuripa.com follow us on facebook & twitter  





LORD BUNN.

THE BEARD IS BACK.

WORDS BY JONES.

WAY BACK - TWENTY-SIX MAGAZINES AGO TO BE PRECISE - WE FEATURED THE WORK OF A LOCAL ILLUSTRATOR AND GENERALLY PRETTY SOUND BEARDED WONDER NAMED BUNN. NOW HE'S BACK, DISTINCTLY LESS HIRSUTE, BUT WITH NO REDUCTION IN LEVELS OF SKILL, TALENT, OR GENERAL SOUNDNESS.

In what will be the first of a few chosen re-features of worthy local types, here's Lord Bunn - who is firmly going for it. Quitting the day job in November - and that important benchmark of surviving from just the art - it's really great to see someone who has managed to keep a consistent style across some vastly varying scales and methods of doodle.

A distinct lack of biro drawings on the back of envelopes doesn't stop it being brilliant to see someone done good, without veering from an identifiable flow between every piece of work I've seen from him. The introduction of the odd bit of computer savviness here and there is appearing in his technique, and unlike many converts it's incorporated without a pause, creating lovely products that still suggest at the human creating them. The incredible skill required in creating perfect vector work sometimes loses the point of art, someone creating something that wasn't there before. It's great to see a line and see the imperfections of a human hand, making the work fit into context and have relevance.

There's a rare live paint event at Sheffield not haunted by t'Lord at the moment, with a gaggle of live art reprobates known as 'Sheffield Stars In Stripes' - in the company of George Law, Alex Godwin, Sarah Abbott and others.

Look out for new stuff everywhere from Bunn - if you are a sick child he may well be decorating an entire wing of your hospital very soon, as well as more of his lovely scriptwork in all manner of places.

The art scene in Sheffield has really developed since Bunn was last featured - places like The Old Sweet Shop, Rare and Racy, The Rude Shipyard, even the Forum with their strict no-commission-taken policy. Independent, small scale purveyors keeping it real and doing what they do well.

An explosion of live paint events, some incredibly obvious and council-condoned work from Acne and Phlegm and a ton more visible makers of images all getting on it is making Sheffield an interesting place to be an artist. It's sad that the Cultural Industries Quarter, with a firm lean on the conceptual and justified-by-blurb art that dominates the more mainstream vein doesn't represent the makers in Sheffield as much as it should.

The fact the Matilda project - a great example of a grassroots project doing something positive and constructive, responsible for some of the best nights out in Sheffield, as well as countless art, film and music workshops - is just round the corner, left without support and now standing as a gloomy reminder of better things past, puts this into perspective.

lordbunn.com



Topo

60mm

Kuji

KUJI SHOP
343 ECCLESALL ROAD
SHEFFIELD
S11 8PF

0114 268 3822

BECKY@KUJISHOP.CO.UK

FINGER BUFFETS
DINNER PARTIES
CANAPES
BBQS
PICNICS
WEDDINGS
SPOILT
FOR
CHOICE
CATERING

If you would like us to cook for you, or have a general enquiry, please get in touch by telephone: 0114 266 1666 or email: info@spoiltforchoicecatering.co.uk

Cocoa

Now Open every day!

hard pear drops pineapple cubes cola cubes do
cherries nipples of venus dipped oranges mpe
e hearts hokey pokey valrhona american hard
es wit club roccoco fried eggs pu erh tea coc
ght chocolate tasting evenings liquorice
champagne explosion lemon cream strawberry
sticks elderflower orange & geranium basil &
colate shampoo lavender chocolate nougat ca
in maca nut nute gin & tonic chocolate can
ola bottles boja-boja jelly belly milk bottl
bes cola cubes do... tures torpedoes midge
dipped oranges... dip dake sherbet
na american ha... es thick hot ch
ge pu erh tea... mint creams
ings liquor... anels basil
cream strawbe... club ra
geranium basil... er dott
ocolate nougat o... ps
ic chocolate cand...
belly milk bottles p...
barb & custard pear d...
reams dipped cherries nip...
ocolate love hearts hokey...
rum truffles knit club roccoco...
turkish delight chocolate tast...
vizzies pink champagne explosion lemon cream
bars candy sticks elderflower orange & gera
parilla chocolate shampoo lavender chocola
lla chocolate macadamia nuts gin & tonic ch
462 Ecclesall Road. 0114 2685050.
www.cocoa-sheffield.co.uk

live



WED 4TH AUG / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
MIRRORS **FREE GIG**
DETRONIK

MON 16H AUG / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
FLASHGUNS **FREE GIG**
DEUTSCHMARKS

WED 18TH AUG / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
PHILADELPHIA GRAND JURY **FREE GIG**
SECTION 60

MON 23RD AUG / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
GET PEOPLE **FREE GIG**

MON 30TH AUG / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
FREELANCE WHALES **FREE GIG**

FRI 3RD SEP
FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS

SAT 4TH SEP
THE LIKE

THU 9TH SEP
MONOTONIX

FRI 17TH SEP / PLUG SOUNDCLASH PRESENTS...
THE RATELLS
THE SEARCH PARTY + CLAY LANE + LITTLE SECRETS

SAT 18TH SEP / PLUG SOUNDCLASH PRESENTS...
STRIPEYJACK
THE STOOPS + BROKEN WEEKENDS + THIS WAY UP

FRI 24TH SEP
TRC
LOWER THAN ATLANTIS + GRAZES + ART'S GOT A GUN

MON 27TH SEP / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
ISLET **FREE GIG**
THE DEATH RAYS OF ARDILLA

Tickets
Plug Box Office,
1 Rockingham Gate,
Sheffield, S1 4JD
0114 2413040
and Record Collector

THUR 30TH SEP
DINOSAUR PILE UP

FRI 1ST OCT
KANO

MON 4TH OCT / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
YOUNG REBEL SET **FREE GIG**
BANG BANG ROMEO

MON 11TH OCT / PLUG LIVE PRESENTS AT THE FORUM
TEETH **FREE GIG**

FRI 15TH OCT
LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY

SAT 16TH OCT / SHUFFLE PRESENTS / DOORS 10.30PM
FENECH SOLER

MON 18TH OCT
DARWIN DEEZ
NAIVE NEW BEATERS

SAT 23RD OCT
JON WINDLE
(EX LITTLE MAN TATE)

SUN 24TH OCT
TINIE TEMPAAH
CHIDDY BANG

WED 27TH OCT
DAN LE SAC & SCROOBIOUS PIP
KID A + MISTYS BIG ADVENTURE

THUR 11TH NOV
CHROMEO
MIDNIGHT JUGGERNAUTS

SAT 4TH DEC
FRANK TURNER

www.the-plug.com





**HAVE SOMETHING THAT
NEEDS TO BE SEEN?**

**POSTERS
FLYERS
MAGAZINES
BROCHURES**

**GET YOUR PRINT TO THE
PEOPLE OF SHEFFIELD.**

LARGEST PRINT DISTRIBUTION RUNS IN THE CITY.

LOWEST RATES - RUNS FROM £20.

FOR INDEPENDENT BUSINESSES, CHARITIES,
COMMUNITY GROUPS, LOCAL ARTS AND
EVENT PROMOTERS ONLY.

FREE RECYCLING SERVICE.

WIDE RANGE OF LOCATIONS INCLUDING BARS,
LIBRARIES, HOTELS, RETAILERS, CAFES, OFFICES,
RESTAURANTS & CLUBS.

A FEW OF OUR SAMPLE AREAS:
CROOKES, CITY CENTRE, ECCLESALL ROAD,
TOTLEY, DORE, HILLSBROUGH, LONDON ROAD.

TARGETTED RUNS AVAILABLE:
E.G. STUDENTS, OFFICES, FAMILIES.

QUOTE 'NOW THEN' FOR DISCOUNTED RATES OVER SUMMER.

CALL BEN ON: 07754884600
EMAIL: distribution@opusindependents.com
FACEBOOK: Type Opus Distro

opusindependents.com

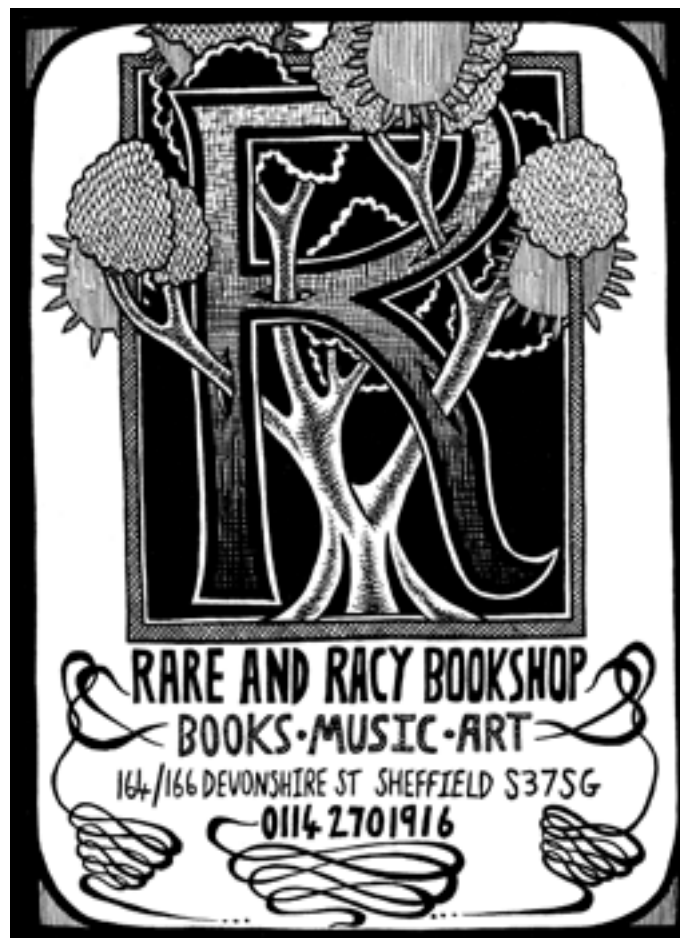
**ARANGE OF HAND-MADE, NATURAL ARTIST'S
COLOURS. THE ONLY LOCAL STOCKIST!**



Sue Callaghan
Bookbinding & Restoration, Thesis & Journalbinding

162 Devonshire St. Sheffield S13 7SG
T: 0114 275 9049
M: 07860 721 688

Mon - Fri: 10-30 to 6-00



Corporation

LIVE & KICKING

MILTON ST SHEFFIELD S1 4JU

WED 4TH AUG - £15 ADV - 7PM *#

FEAR FACTORY
+ BEHOLDER

FRI 6TH AUG - £18 ADV - 7PM *#

PETER MURPHY
+ GREENHAUS
+ LETTIE

SAT 7TH AUG - £8 ADV - 7PM *#

THE DWARVES
+ GIRL SPIT

MON 9TH AUG - £12 ADV - 7PM *#

**THE BLACK
DAHLIA MURDER**

+ DESPISED ICON
+ MARTYR DEFILED
+ DYSCARNATE

THU 12TH AUG - £8 ADV - 7PM *

**POLAR BEAR
CLUB**

+ THE ROOKIE LEAGUE
+ GRAZES

MON 16TH AUG - £7 ADV - 7PM *#

**PURIFIED IN
BLOOD**

+ OPINICUS
+ MERCILESS TERROR

SAT 21ST AUG - £4 ADV - 7PM *#

**THE FAMOUS
CLASS**

+ CountMan!



ROCK SOUND
NEW MUSIC FIRST

Jägermeister

validateuk
www.validateuk.co.uk 01434 83409

SAT 11TH SEP - £7 ADV - 7PM *#

BLAZE BAYLEY
+ SUPPORT

SAT 18TH SEP - £5 ADV - 7PM *#

**SHADOWS
CHASING GHOSTS**
+ NEVER CRY WOLF

THU 23RD SEP - £8 ADV - 7PM *

RECKLESS LOVE
+ JETT BLACK

FRI 24TH SEP - £15 ADV - 7PM *#

**HELL ON EARTH TOUR 2010
EVERY TIME I DIE**

+ TERROR
+ ALL SHALL PERISH
+ THE ACACIA STRAIN
+ DOWN TO NOTHING
+ THICK AS BLOOD

SAT 25TH SEP - £6 ADV - 7PM *#

FAILSAFE
+ SUPPORT

MON 27TH SEP - £7.50 ADV - 7PM *#

**ACEY SLADE &
THE DARK PARTY**

+ OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE
+ CHOKER

TUE 28TH SEP - £14 ADV - 7PM *

LACUNA COIL
+ SLAVES TO GRAVITY

COMING SOON

05/10 - YASHIN
08/10 - CITY OF FIRE
11/10 - FOZZY
12/10 - WE ARE THE OCEAN
14/10 - FOREVER NEVER
16/10 - SABATON / ALESTORM
17/10 - THE BIRTHDAY MASSACRE
21/10 - BOWLING FOR SOUP
22/10 - KIUAS
23/10 - THE BOYS
28/10 - FENIX TX
01/11 - CANTERBURY
05/11 - JOB FOR A COWBOY
06/11 - FADERHEAD
10/11 - WHITE WIZZARD
18/11 - INME
19/11 - ATARI TEENAGE RIOT
19/11 - LAHANNYA
22/11 - SIMON McBRIDE
27/11 - BAD MANNERS
28/11 - VOLBEAT
30/11 - AS I LAY DYING
05/12 - DANNY VAUGHN
06/12 - SONIC SYNDICATE
11/12 - ROTERSAND

CLUB NIGHTS

**EVERY MONDAY
ODDBALL**
a mash up of all your alternative
music favourites

**EVERY WEDNESDAY
SKOOL DISCO**
massive cherry pop party mayhem

**EVERY FRIDAY
DROP**
Sheffield's oldest & bestest alternative
night

**EVERY SATURDAY
RESERVOIR
ROCKS**
rock classics

BOX OFFICE 0114 276 0262

DENOTES PRICE INCLUDES CLUB ENTRY TO OVER 18'S

* DENOTES SHOW OPEN TO OVER 14'S

BOOK ONLINE AT www.corporation.org.uk



the eden festival 2010

3RD-5th September 2010
RAEHILLS MEADOWS, DUMFRIES & GALLOWAY

ROOTS MANUVA

ZERO 7 (DJ set) **pama international**
Freestylers (DJ set) **Zion Train**
Belleruche **Highlight Tribe** **3 Daft**
Monkeys **Banana Sessions** **HornDog**
Brass Band **BombSkare** **Louis Barabbas**
and **the Bedlam** **6 Yes Sir Boss** **the Balkan**
Bandits **Biggles** **WarTime** **band** **Big Hand** **the John**
Langan Band **East Park Reggae Collective** **Wille and**
the Bandits **Samba Ya Samba** **Maghribibeat** **Digitalis**
Subsource **King Arthur's Men** **vid Warren** **Asazi** **Space Funk**
explosion **Wobbly Squadron** **maybe** **migrle** **tyrle** **Gerra Nine**
Juno Reactor **Logica** **ideal** **requestival** **sound system** **Liquid Ross**
morph **the** **meatmen** **drunken** **balordi** and many more...

Devorgilla **main stage** **ghilli dhu** **dance**
emporium **Furry Chillum** **stage** **Rabbies Tavern**
big tams **cider bar** **my giddy** **aunt** **cabaret stage**
ladybird **collective** **zone** **the Vishnu Lounge**
shellycoat **kids** **arena** **workshops** **performance**
art **interactive** **games** **stalls** **cabaret** **theatre**
burlesque **fire shows** and much much more...

tickets £69, available from:
www.edenfestival.co.uk

supported by **EventScotland**



THE OLD SWEET SHOP

★ PURVEYORS OF INDEPENDENT LOCAL ARTS ★

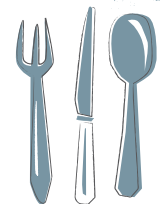
WE ARE A SHOP AND GALLERY SPACE SELLING; ZINES,
LTD EDITION PRINTS, PHOTOGRAPHY, PRINTINGS,
BOOKS, TEXTILES, JEWELLERY, T-SHIRTS ETCETERA.

(((VISIT US AT)))
1 NETHER EDGE RD, SHEFFIELD S7 1RU
0114 255 8515 WWW.THEOLDSWEETSHOPSHEFFIELD.CO.UK

homemade

good quality homemade food

Winner
Healthiest
Eating
Establishment
in Sheffield
2010



WEDNESDAY BURGER NIGHT
- mid March to mid October

WEEKLY FRIDAY NIGHT BISTRO
- 2/3 Course Menu

INTIMATE CAFE SPACE
- with Daily Changing Seasonal Lunch Menu

PRIVATE PARTIES
- in the Evenings - Free Hire and BYO

OUTSIDE CATERING
- Dinner Party Food and Cake Ordering Service

SATURDAY VEGETARIAN
& MEAT BREAKFASTS

4 Nether Edge Road | Sheffield | S7 1RU
07774 013438 | www.homemade-sheffield.co.uk



LOVE Wickwire

1b Nether Edge Road
Sheffield S7 1RU
Tel: 0114 255 7050

For a shopping experience you'll LOVE,
visit us at Wickwire
Here's a taste of what's in store
we have these in stock, and so much more!!

America's favourite incense -
intensely fragrant Wild Berry
Lily-Flame Candles
100% Soybean Wax Swan
Creek Candles
NEW - Northumbrian Candle-
works Soy Candles
Grimo Fairtrade accessories
and gifts
Carrie Elspeth Jewellery
Enhance Accessories
NEW - Crystal Graffiti Designer
Jewellery
Cath Kidston mugs
Spaceform tokens

LSA Glassware
Jellycat soft toys
Alex bath and educational toys
A wide range of notebooks,
journals,
travel diaries,
wedding planners, baby books,
home organisers and decor
books
NEW - Quooky novelty charac-
ters with cards
Greeting cards and gift wrap
for every imaginable occasion!

Wickwire ..
THE place for cards, candles and gifts

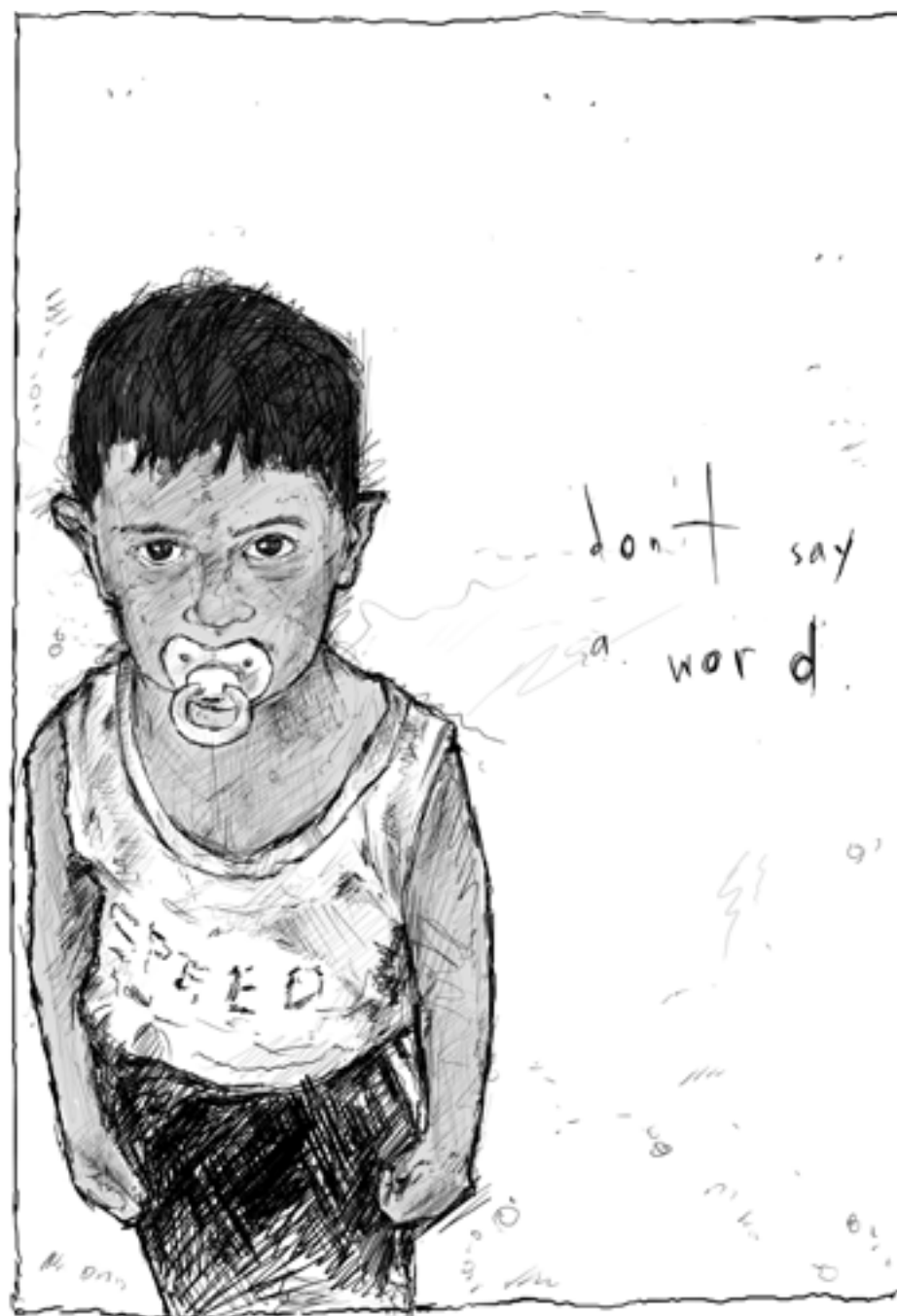


BYRON HOUSE

Pie Friday - all homemade
Sunday Lunch

Pool Table
Coffee & Free Wifi

16 Nether Edge Road Sheffield S7 1RU / 0114 258 1153



SOUNDTRACK.

THE SINGING NEANDERTHALS.

FRED OXBY.

A man called Dick Clark once said that “music is the soundtrack to your life” - a comment that rings true for almost everyone, but I believe this statement only scratches the surface of how valuable music is to us and our society.

In his seminal work on linguistics and musicology *The Singing Neanderthals*, Steven Mithen even goes as far as to suggest that music is the basis of our ability to communicate. Human communication began not with words but with rhythms and melodies, which later came to form sentences and even later, languages. Far be it from me to summarise a 300-page thesis - I just want to stress just how important music is to humans. It's not a soundtrack to life as much as a quality of it.

It has always been second nature to humans to create and listen to music. In the past, music and dance were the cement that held communities together by not only accompanying their work but entertaining them in their spare time. Songs recorded the exploits of heroes and the outcomes of wars. Chopin's nocturnes have brought tears to many eyes and Kurt Cobain has comforted many a lonely teenager. While many see music as a friend, others see it as a tool for political change. It is a hobby, a career, a home for the creative and an outlet for the downtrodden.

Today, I see a world that has lost touch with this close and personal relationship to music. Many artists do not seem to write music so much as generate it for money and fame. The names of our favourite bands are plastered onto mugs, T-shirts and underpants and the labels that release our favourite albums do not seem care if the music is of quality so much as commercial viability. I know I may be at risk of sounding cynical, but I really mean it when I say that I have almost lost hope in returning to the golden age of pop, when bands were respected as creative beacons, recognised for their skill before their ostentatiousness. I struggle with the idea of a future in which Lady Gaga is regarded as iconic or in which the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix or Miles Davis have been superseded as the legends of modern music.

This is not to say that there is not a wealth of incredible music out there or that music released on major record labels is inherently bad. It is more that I feel we are being distanced from what should really matter - not money, but the experience of great music made by people who are trying to create and inspire. It doesn't matter if your favourite album was recorded in a van in Scarborough or a studio in LA, by a spotty teenager on a PC or by a superstar DJ.

Music means so much more to humanity than a plastic disk or a piece of data stored on a computer. It is important that people can be rewarded for their skill at making music, but they should respect their audience and their output above all. If I hear of any more of my favourite bands from the past joining back up to play Leeds Festival I might just pack it in and go and live on a remote island in the Outer Hebrides.

Do not feel as if you need to pay 35 quid to see your burnt out idols and do not feel any allegiance to conglomerate record labels. Music belongs to you innately as your eyes and ears. It is no more a product than the language you speak. Support the people you know who make music you love and condemn the pretenders, for they will snatch away something we all hold dear. Pick up a guitar and play, listen to a band you've never heard and pass up the opportunity to take pills and watch the same tired old drum and bass artists struggle through their monotonous repertoire.

If all we do is consume music, we fail to engage with all it has to offer.



YEASAYER.

6TH JULY.
PLUG.

REVIEWER – ED WOOLLEY.

There's an interesting dichotomy of opinion on Yeasayer's new album, **Odd Blood**. Their new opus has made them the darlings of much of the mainstream media, but has left fans of their previous work colder. As a relative newcomer to the band, it's seeing this new album live that has drawn me to the Plug this evening.

I have to admit, I don't know quite what to expect as five shadowy silhouettes skulk onto the stage against the wash of a white muslin sheet, but this monochrome visage soon bursts into vivid technicolor. Three light boxes, which rotate through colours and double as synth stands, provide a simple but visually arresting centre point for the band to perform from.

Yeasayer's sound is a curious melange, containing elements of 80s synth pop and psychedelia, all drenched in rich vocal harmonies and African rhythms and served with a dollop of high camp. The overall aim is to create a truly novel sound to encase their pop songs in. 'Ambling Alp' and '2080' form highlights, but across the whole set older songs nestle neatly next to new and show a natural evolution in the band's sound. They fall very much in the tradition of art-school bands and are oddly reminiscent of Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd - if Pink Floyd spent their spare time working out at the beach.

What really wins me over is hearing the complexity of the songs with some of the studio gloss knocked off. The throbbing bass and visuals create a far more involving experience than the record alone can provide. This is definitely a band to experience live, up close and personal. Enthralling.



BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE.

9TH JULY.
CORPORATION.

REVIEWER – BRENDAN MCFADDEN.

Broken Social Scene hit Corporation on the 9th July and didn't fail to disappoint with their mouth-watering brand of melodic, atmospheric rock.

They truly are a band that you must see live. They were on top form on the night and the fortunate people who were there were blessed with a two-hour set of enthralling and mesmerising harmonies. True value for money.

Founders and core members Brendan Canning and Kevin Drew were joined on stage by the latest additions to their ever-evolving cast, which has seen the super-group get through 26 members in its nine year history. On tour promoting their fifth studio album, **Forgiveness Rock Record**, they treated the audience to a decent showcase of their latest efforts such as 'Texaco Bitches', 'World Sick' and 'Chase Scene', all demonstrating the Canadian group's clever, unusual song structure. Their bright and punchy choruses were topped with a large instrumental overlay that was beautiful to listen to. There was of course room for old favourites like '7/4 Shoreline' and 'Fire Eyed Boy', which brought down the house and were well received by the rowdy crowd of rock lovers. Lisa Lopsinger, the latest addition to the girl of the group vacancy, was particularly impressive, her powerful vocals as marvellous as her impressive blonde mullet. The sound was tight and loud and the venue's large room more than complemented the band's vast orchestral sound. Last on the schedule was original hit 'KC Accidental' which, although somewhat aged now, is still a winner of a song with a beautiful rising chorus. And if that wasn't enough there was room for a three-song encore.

Unlike a lot of other groups, BSC interact with gig-goers and involve them, often conversing in banterous chat with the crowd in between tracks. They seem to want to put on a musical show and make it a true experience for the fans. It was refreshing to hear Drew ask the audience to "keep the noise down" before playing slow ballad 'Sweetest Kill'.

In the live arena, Broken Social Scene deliver on every level. You will struggle to find a group that give such an intense and seamless musical experience. A band that has a truly universal appeal.

SEPULTURA.

15TH JULY.
CORPORATION.

REVIEWER – GORDON BARKER.

The first thing to note on entrance at tonight's gig was the number of people present at door opening. Whether here to support the earlier act or just to get a good spot for the grand finale, it shows that after 25 years Sepultura still draw a hell of a crowd. The first act on are local lads Back to the Sea. Although they do have an awesome and over powering sound, they do seem to lack something in keeping the crowd intrigued. Their performance is technically sound and spot on but for the night they don't seem to have much, if any, interaction with the crowd or each other.

After the first cigarette of the evening it was time to buy the Newcastle Brown and don your sleeveless denim jackets as Gama Bomb took to the stage. Instantly creating a totally different atmosphere, they remove all ego in the room and within the genre, replacing it with a boisterous Irish charm. After three high-speed classic thrash styled tunes for an introduction, they encouraged the crowd to chant the chorus of each of their next songs. Seemingly enjoying every minute they were on stage, they exited happier than when they started, leaving a brilliant positive attitude in the room, everyone worked up and excited for the massive ending.

Bringing the full force of their name and history, Sepultura don't seem to be taking any of this lightly. Showing why they were one of the pioneers of the genre, this is no longer about just entertainment but about seeing how it's done by the best in the game. Heart speeding tribal drums mixed with physical monophonic riffage cause a huge energy in the crowd. No-one's left at the bar and everyone's given up smoking. The second half of the ninety-minute set sees the vocalist stopping things and announcing, "People always ask whether we're going to play the old songs". He answers, "Of course we are, and we'll play them how they're supposed to be played". You could feel everyone beginning to protect their pints. Playing through all the classics and leaving 'Roots Bloody Roots' till the encore, no-one was left standing still. Sepultura have shown their weight and everyone leaves battered, bruised and stupidly happy.

TTC SUMMER BARBEQUE.

17TH JULY.
FUSION&FOUNDRY.

REVIEWER – BEN DOREY.

Sheffield's biggest regular urban music night, The Tuesday Club, runs just once a year outside of student term time. That one time is at their annual summer barbecue which pulls back a shed load of students bored of summer parentals as well as a good few Sheffield locals. In the daytime the gardens of the Interval bar are thrown open for a massive BBQ with live music and DJs. This is followed by the main event in the evening, as the doors to Fusion and Foundry are thrown open to the crowd, a large proportion of whom will have got ten hours of drinking in beforehand. Sounds like a recipe for fun, but unfortunately the music seemed destined to disappoint.

The Tuesday Club is a victim of its own size, almost inevitably having to sway with popular trends if it wants to keep filling a 1,200 capacity venue every week without making serious losses. In the past couple of years, the hunger for jump-up dubstep has caused particular damage to the brand, with the quality hip hop line ups that often provided the best nights fading into the shadows of a barrage of wobbling sub bass. Thankfully, filling the large room seems to provide the promoters the stability they need to book more intelligent acts in the small room, and at the summer BBQ- as with many of their events in the previous year - it was there that you needed to head if you wanted to hear innovative and quality sounds.

When we first arrived we headed to the main room and caught an underwhelming set by Plastician. At points one of the more exciting producers and DJs within the genre, on this occasion Plastician played an often sickening selection of the dubstep/pop crossovers that mark the derailment of one of the most groundbreaking developments in electronic music. Modern dubstep is so often incredibly well produced, but nothing can redeem a lot of it from the fact that the basic compositional ideas are weaker than a granny's dodgy hip. It's a shame that music has seemingly suffered in equal turn with the bodies and minds of our plant fertiliser abused youth, and that those at the forefront of the genre are happy to abuse this for money...

The smaller room saved the night, with a blistering set from Joy Orbison being the highlight. Although still classified as 'dubstep', Orbison typifies the undercurrent of forward looking bass music that has split off from the increasingly stupefying music at the head of the genre. Melding the sparse syncopated rhythms of early garage influenced dubstep with the soul and melodic sensibilities of deep house and techno, Orbison's music moves the mind as well as the ribcage. A sensational booking. This was followed by a superb set of predominantly original dub plates from prolific Bristolian producer Redlight, whose mixing pot of dubstep, breaks, grime and house seems to be yielding impressive results. Tuesday Club understandably have to make a number of bookings that bend to current trends but proved with this little back room that they still have their fingers on the pulse when it comes to creative electronic sounds.

SOUND.

VENETIAN SNARES. HEALTH.

MAX RICHTER. SINGING KNIVES. CLEVER GIRL.

VENETIAN SNARES.

MY SO CALLED LIFE.
TIMESIG.

REVIEWER – BEN DOREY.



Venetian Snares is one of the most respected and prolific producers in breakcore. Combining an understanding of rhythmic manipulation and a complex ear for melodic patterns with an uncompromisingly angry attitude, Aaron Funk's music has in the past ranged from the sublime to the ear-splittingly unpleasant. Recent releases have become increasingly personal and on 2008's **My Downfall** there was a sense of listening to a mind on the verge of breaking. On this new album it is hard to escape the feeling that that mind is now broken, but that a genius still sits within it.

Opening track 'Posers and Camera Phones' sees Snares up to his usual tricks, blending old skool rave tropes together in 7/4 arrangements. We have a Gameboy-style sample arranged into a baroque contrapuntal masterpiece, we have the discordant pad sounds of early nineties hardcore melded with cascading breakbeats and we have an extremely offensive vocal sample that I won't repeat here. By the time the track finishes, most listeners will be uneasy, nauseous and eager for more. That leads your ears onto 'Cadaverous', and so straight into its brutal fusion of acid and gabba elements. Needless to say, a mastery of both these styles is evident in the production, as is the twisted nature of Funk's mind.

It is not until 'Aaron2' that we gain insights into his troubled nature along the lines of My Downfall. The track offers a potted biography made up somewhat appropriately of disparate quotations, the most poignant of which can't help but disturb - "Aaron's heart was filled with hatred" launches us into a harrowing synthesis of hollow brass lines and acid synths which culminates in another quote - "All the eons of sadness and cruelty and dissipation to come before him". It's hard to describe on paper how disturbing this track is made by the unremitting honesty of both music and words.

The next three tracks sound like products of a mind which has already snapped. 'Who Wants Cake' begins with "Retardation, a celebration", before descending into the kind of mashed up hardcore that will win over the dancefloors of Wrong Music and Bangface events nicely. 'Welfare Wednesday' and 'Ultraviolent Junglist' are similarly jolly jaunts through massively offensive quotes and music, though all the tracks still exhibit the unique genius of the Snares ear for rhythm and melody.

However, it is when Funk gets serious again in the last four tracks that this genius is really flaunted. Melding the classical with the electronic, the beautiful with the disgusting, Snares has done for the tiny genre of breakcore what Beethoven did for classical music at the end of the eighteenth century. Utilising existing modes he has expanded the music right to the very edges of what can be achieved without really breaking the basic characteristics of the genre's sound, displaying instead a scary omnipotence within the world of breakcore.

Anyone interested in how far music can be stretched should listen to Snares. Astonishment, if not enjoyment, is guaranteed.

HEALTH.

::DISCO2.
CITY SLANG.

REVIEWER – ALEX TURNER.



Achingly cool LA noiseniks HEALTH have always been an enjoyably contrary proposition. Capable of the most abrasive assaults (witness most of their self-titled debut), somewhere in the group's DNA also lurks an affinity with happy things like dancefloors and pop music. This was evident as far back as their 2007 collaboration with Crystal Castles, 'Crimewave', coming further toward fruition with last year's much admired **Get Color**, which weaved gorgeous threads of melody into an otherwise brutal canvas.

::DISCO2 sees HEALTH pursuing their rather self-indulgent practice of having their albums remixed in their entirety. But whereas the original **//DISCO** was a lesson in successfully polishing up comparatively meagre source material, its successor benefits from its far richer template.

What is immediately apparent is how well this remix LP stands up in its own right, starting strongly with a solitary new original track called 'USA Boys'. Produced by shoegaze overlord Alan Moulder, this sets the tone for what follows, with clean, zig-zagging electronic blips and only brief echoes of the squalls of guitar punishment the band are known for.

From here on in it's **Get Color** as reimagined by the likes of Montreal-based HEALTH tour-buddy Pictureplane, Brooklyn's much-hyped Blondes and, perhaps inevitably, Crystal Castles. The overall execution, if not the actual sound, is reminiscent of albums such as Erlend Oye's **Unrest**, in which the input of a disparate array of producers combines to produce a coherent whole. For long stretches it's easy to forget that this is a remix album rather than a fresh undertaking.

The only constant throughout the project and its parent are Jacob Duszik's softly androgynous vocals, but these now operate in entirely new ways, mostly riding on tides of gloopy effects where previously they formed a soothing counterpoint to their backing. Only Crystal Castles attempt to maintain any of the originals' aggression, offering up a jaggedly percussive take on 'Eat Flesh'.

Elsewhere some welcome surprises crop up. Gold Panda retools 'Before Tigers' with a taut rhythmic chassis seemingly built from little clacking tongues. Blondes tease 'Nice Girls' into a bass-heavy yet wistful four-four slowburner. Best of all, Javelin's revision of 'In Heat' exudes big, filtered 80s chords and slap-bass, sounding ready to go several rounds with Dam Funk in a chronic-hazed boudoir.

It'll be fascinating to see how these versions feed into HEALTH's steadily evolving sound by the time their next album proper surfaces. In the meantime, here you've got stuff from them that you can a) dance to and b) play on a summer's day. Plenty reasons enough to be thankful for now.

MAX RICHTER.

INFRA.
FATCAT.

REVIEWER – GORDON BARKER.



On his fifth studio album Max Richter gets even more personal. Originally scored for a ballet choreographed by Wayne McGregor which premiered in November 2008, this is a full album-length version of the original 25-minute score with extended sections and themes which make the music capably stand on its own.

The entire album pulls a massive feeling of connectivity. Straight away you are introduced to this with a broken transistor radio masking fragmented speech and a distant Morse code signal, a transmission from a lone craft in space, swelling into a post rock introduction to the narrative that follows. In 'Journey 1' Richter's iconic piano pushes through the haze, setting a pace for the rest of the album, which consists of small and powerful movements broken up by static, radio tuning and instruments distorted beyond recognition. Creating an enormous sense of physical distance whilst championing the intimacy of our attachment with our world and the people in it is Richter's greatest gift on this record. As you reach 'Journey 5' you can feel the story closing, a final transmission. Since Richter seems to score for an internal film, the final tracks show a lone craft floating further away from Earth. The only passenger, resigned to his fate, seems almost euphoric as he sends a message into space, hoping it will reach someone, saying farewell and thank you. As a piano line turns to an orchestral swell for a grand finale there is one movement left. A pause. Radio static. A single string begins to play. A response. Acknowledgement.

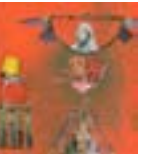
Within each track there are multiple individual and very distinguishable parts. Displaying Richter's full force of easily accessible and highly mobile chord structures, each can be heard separately from one another but they also connect beautifully.

This piece is classic Richter but the style shows another new depth to his music. It only has full effect when played as a whole or in large chunks. This may be due to it being scored for stage, but few scores can stand alone and create such a similar effect. Many of the movements are so much more valuable when put in context of others, one setting the scene for the next. Repeating phrases change their surroundings to create a depth to the story, taking you further away with it.

VARIOUS ARTISTS.

THOUGHTS FROM SCREECHING LAKE.
SINGING KNIVES RECORDS.

REVIEWER – SAM WALBY.



Singing Knives Records has been operating in Sheffield since 2005. Home of all things psychedelic and avant garde, they specialise in folk, jazz and noise with a weird tribal junkyard edge. **Thoughts From Screeching Lake** is their second compilation and features some label mainstays like Pekko Käppi, Harappian Night Recordings and Alberorovesciato.

The tracklist is shaped a bit like a pyramid, starting with shorter atmospheric improv tracks before building to longer, more involving pieces. Pekko Käppi's 'Yhtenä päivänä Kompastuit' is the first track to leap out. Käppi plays the Jouhikko (Finnish-Karelian bowed lyre to me and you), creating a drone background for his free-form mantric vocal lines. Stephanie Hladowski's 'The Seven Virgins' is another more accessible piece, boasting a distinctly freak folk sentiment with an English twist and varied instrumentation. Elsewhere, things get really strange.

It's fair to say not everyone will 'get' this understated, mutant child of a compilation, but those who do will enjoy trying to decrypt its latent charm.

singingknivesrecords.co.uk

CLEVER GIRL.

NO DRUM AND BASS IN THE JAZZ ROOM.
SELF RELEASED.

REVIEWER – SAM WALBY.



I must confess I had never heard of Clever Girl before they played the Now Then issue 27 launch party at the Forum back in June. I'm not going to get a chance to get to know them either, since Peace in the Park was the Sheffield five-piece's final gig. A crying shame really, since this posthumous self-released four-track EP could just as easily be a beginning as an end.

'Elm' starts things off in a suitably upbeat fashion - chock full of rolling snares, sax picking out melodies over crystal-clean harmonised guitars reminiscent of Do Make Say Think or the quieter parts of the Smashing Pumpkin's **Siamese Dream**. And so to 'Sun Moon and Stars', more of a jazzy slowburner but no worse for it. The marvellously titled 'Sleepyhead Symphony' is my pick of the bunch, rising out of soft arpeggios to orchestrated hits and cheeky key changes. 'Teleblister' marches along to a jaunty, melodic conclusion.

All too often bands without a singer can lack that certain je ne sais quoi, but Clever Girl work their instruments hard and the rewards are obvious. Where they will go from here remains to be seen, but where you should go is straight to their website and download this local nugget free of charge or, if you're feeling generous, throw em a little donation.

myspace.com/clevergirllovesyou.

MAX RICHTER FIRST CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF MOST PEOPLE THROUGH HIS DEBUT ALBUM MEMORYHOUSE, RECORDED WITH THE BBC PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA IN 2002. SINCE THEN HE HAS BEEN A BUSY MAN, CREATING THREE ALBUMS AND COUNTLESS SCORES FOR FILM AND LIVE PERFORMANCE, INCLUDING THE SOUNDTRACK TO ARI FOLMAN’S GOLDEN GLOBE AWARD-WINNING ANIMATED DOCUMENTARY WALTZ WITH BASHIR. MERGING TRADITIONALIST CLASSICAL APPROACHES WITH MORE TEXTURED ELECTRONIC COMPOSITIONS, HE IS A PROLIFIC COMPOSER AND PLAYS THE PIANO LIKE A WIZARD.

Tell us a bit about your new release, Infra.

Infra is a record version of a piece I wrote for the Royal Ballet in late 2008. It was a commission for Wayne McGregor, who’s their in-house choreographer, a kind of a three-way thing with me, him and Julian Opie, who did some design work on it and made some LED figures for the show.

We made a 25-minute piece, which was intended as a ballet score but also felt like it could have its own life musically. Having finished it I started thinking about a way to make it into a record and I ended up reconfiguring things. Taking two of the elements of the performance away, the music had more room to develop on its own terms. I shuffled it around and used a few bits we had discarded along the way for one reason or another. In a way it’s a document of the making of the ballet. It’s also kind of a studio album.

How did you recording it?

I have a group of players who’ve recorded everything I’ve done since **The Blue Notebooks** (2004). I hunted around to find the right people and now I’ve got this bunch of guys who are great because apart from being fantastic players, they can now read my mind. We spent a day at Air in London and then I mixed it in Berlin.

What’s your take on analogue recording and why do you prefer it?

LP records are what got me into music in the first place, so for me that’s what recorded sound is. I don’t really care about accuracy. Accuracy is for accountants. I’m interested in feeling and stories, and for me that’s the analogue universe.

Do you record pieces strictly or do you ever improvise in the studio?

It’s all written down on paper for the players. There’s no improv from them at all. The writing process for me is quite haphazard. I write a lot down, but I also play piano for a few hours and roll back the tape to see what I did. Or mess around with a computer or synths. There are a lot of ways through it for me. But in terms of what the players do, it’s all written down because it just takes so long otherwise. Especially when you are recording to tape, because every 15 minutes you have to change a reel.

You like making synths – do you have a favourite homemade instrument?

There is a soldering iron in the studio, yeah. There’s all kinds of old bits and pieces kicking around. My first synth was a Transcendent 2000, which is a sort of Minimoog clone from the 70s, designed by a guy called Tim Orr, who also designed the Oscar synth. It’s brilliant, except that you can actually destroy the filter, which is really bad news. When it self-oscillates it actually just blows up! It’s a temperamental creature. I built it from a kit when I was about 15.

FatCat reissued your debut album, Memoryhouse, last year. Were you tempted to revisit those recordings and adapt them?

Not really. Memoryhouse is a slice of time. We remastered it, which I was really glad we did. There were things in the way it sounded that I would maybe have done differently and I could look at those with the benefit of eight year’s hindsight. Just little things in the mastering.

I was really happy to hear it again actually because I never really hear these things. We play some of the tracks at gigs but to actually hear the recordings...it’s like meeting an old friend.

Do you have any plans to record your From the Art of Mirrors project in conjunction with the Derek Jarman 8mm films?

I would love to do that, but there’s no point recording the music without the films. It’s a question of getting hold of the rights to those. They’re very valuable, unique and rare, and it’s difficult to negotiate with things like that. Every year with think it would be great, but then we explore it a bit and decide to just forget it.

MAX RICHTER.

NEW CLASSICAL COMPOSER TALKS ABOUT INFRA.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Have you ever felt restricted by your formal music education?

Not really, because it’s like having a really big tool kit. I’m actually really grateful that I did a very traditional music degree, almost like music history. We had to do writing in every style, a real technique boot camp. I’m really pleased I did it, although it was a bit of a drag at the time.

Do you think your personal approach to writing is as formal as that?

No it’s not, because you can’t formally write down a lot of my pieces. Some of it is almost like dub - made in the studio in the machines. Writing it down is a good place to start for the other players, though.

You recently did the soundtrack for a film called Womb by Benedek Fliegauf, which is about a woman who gives birth to/clones her childhood sweetheart. How do you write music with a brief like that?!

It’s always a riddle – what kind of music a film really needs. It’s about trying to find out what’s natural in the film and pinning down the kind of language it needs. In the case of Womb, Benedek has always done his own music so he had millions of ideas, which was handy because a lot of the time a director will be a little bit hazy about what they want the music to bring to a film.

I suppose there’s always a fear that you’ll spend ages on a score and the director won’t like it...

That’s part of it but I don’t mind it because you learn a lot. Womb was really interesting because of the music I wrote for it, we just took more and more of it out. We ended up with an iceberg – the bit that’s in the film is just a tiny portion of the whole score.

How would you compare that score to the one you wrote for Waltz with Bashir?

It’s almost the opposite. The Waltz with Bashir score is full on – I think it’s about 75 minutes long, whereas Womb is like this very thin, transparent line that happens half a dozen times in the film. Also, Waltz has big, heavy orchestral stuff and Womb has tiny solo lines. Very minimal.

Have you done any other film scores recently?

I did the score for a film called Perfect Sense by David Mackenzie, who’s a very interesting filmmaker from Scotland. It’s a film about the end of the world, so the score was really fun to write. It’s a sort of hybrid electronic stringy thing.

How did you end up producing [folk icon] Vashti Bunyan’s album Lookaftering and what was the process like?

Vashti was in touch with one of the guys at FatCat, via someone else via someone else via someone else. Originally they were talking about doing a re-release of **Just Another Diamond Day**, but then somebody found out that both me and Vashti were living in Edinburgh and they knew I’d done some producing before. We got together, had a chat and got on really well. It was just a wonderful experience. She’s an amazing songwriter and wonderful singer, very easy going, very thoughtful. It was a pleasure, basically. We spent a long time on it – we were on it for about nine months. I put it on the other day when I was moving studios and realised I’m really fond of that record.

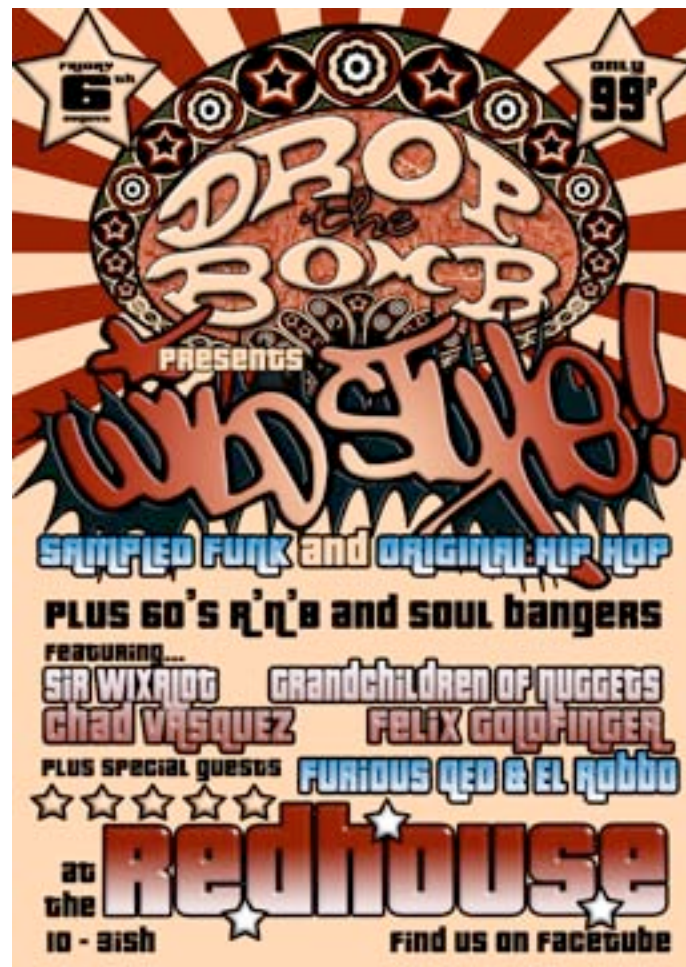
Do you have any other plans to produce other people’s material?

I don’t think so. Not everyone is as easy to work with as Vashti [laughs]. Being a producer is like being a midwife. There’s a lot of hand-holding. I’ve also got so much of my own stuff going on that it’s quite difficult to be that committed to somebody else. There are a lot of producers who are basically a full service record making factory. I’m much more hands-on than that.

How has being on an independent label shaped your career?

Creative freedom is totally non-negotiable for me and there aren’t an awful lot of places you can get that. Lots of people say they’ll give you creative freedom but don’t. FatCat are such a dedicated bunch and they basically just put out records that they love. They were putting out records that I really liked, so it seemed like a perfect fit and it was.







STUDIOS

BOK is now better than ever!

Boasting a wide range facilities and equipment, we offer some of the best recording and rehearsal space in Sheffield.

Rehearsals £5 per hour (Full PA in every room)

Call us now!

Studio: 0114 2795 487
Leigh: 07849 129123

Professional Recording - Equipment hire - Equipment Repair
Programming - (Ableton, Reason, Cubase, Logic etc)
Drumming Workshops - Drum Kits maintained by TANK!

THE HARLEY

334 GLOSSOP ROAD, SHEFFIELD
GENERAL ENQUIRIES/BOX OFFICE: 0114 275 2288

THURSDAY 5TH AUGUST
A HAWK & A HACKSAW
£8.00

MONDAY 9TH AUGUST
GANGLIANS
£4.00

FRIDAY 13TH AUGUST
DEATH METAL DISCO SCENE
£4.00

TUESDAY 24TH AUGUST
MV & EE WITH THE GOLDEN ROAD
£5.00

SATURDAY 28TH AUGUST
BROMHEADS
£5.00

MONDAY 30TH AUGUST
WOMEN
£6.00

WEDNESDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER
TUBELORD
£4.00

THURSDAY 30TH SEPTEMBER
CROCODILES
£6.50

FRIDAY 1ST OCTOBER
THE LAUREL COLLECTIVE
£3.00

WEDNESDAY 27TH OCTOBER
MERSAULT
£4.00

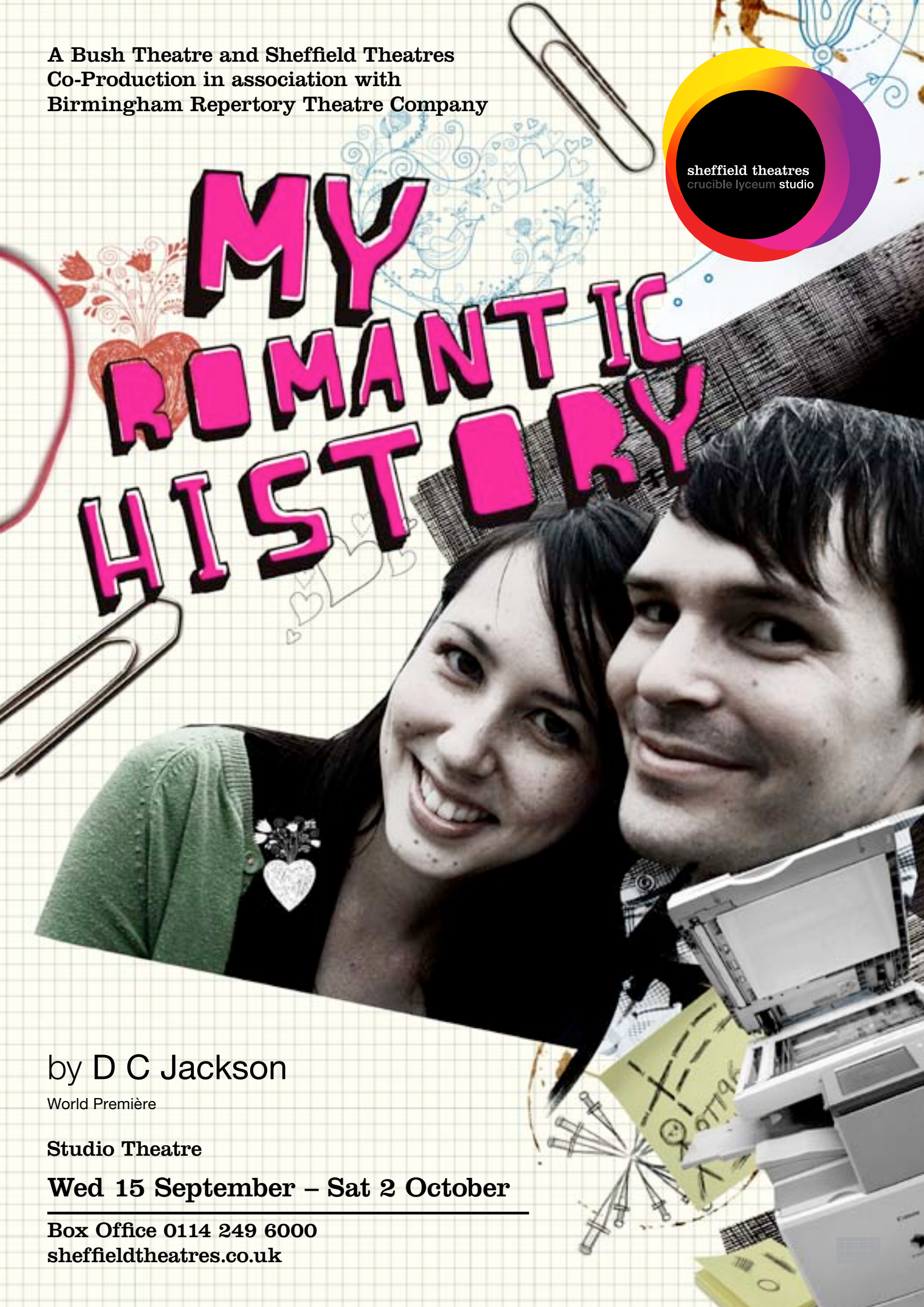


ADVANCE TICKETS FROM WEGOTTICKETS.COM,
SEETICKETS.COM AND THE HARLEY BOX OFFICE.

A Bush Theatre and Sheffield Theatres
Co-Production in association with
Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company



MY ROMANTIC HISTORY



by D C Jackson

World Première

Studio Theatre

Wed 15 September – Sat 2 October

Box Office 0114 249 6000
sheffieldtheatres.co.uk

THEATRE.

FOLLOW THE WHITE RABBIT.

ALICE.
CRUCIBLE THEATRE.
18TH JUNE - 24TH JULY.

REVIEWER - BEN JACKSON.

Since her creation in the seminal mid 19th century Lewis Carroll novel, Alice has been re-imagined in many and varied forms, all of differing degrees of light-hearted wonderment and sinister darkness. From the 50s Disney classic through a crop of European interpretations to the 3-D, Hollywood star-laden extravaganza, it would seem she has a story that wants to keep being told.

Laura Wade's Alice is a very modern, very Sheffield affair, with the eponymous heroine far from the doe-eyed, submissive character of yesteryear. Ruby Bentall's portrayal is one of a savvy, quick-witted near-teen with a lot on her mind. The opening scene is one of her complete obliviousness to the bleating, platitudinous guff being spouted by a congregation of mourners, assembled to mark the passing of her only brother, with Wonderland a manifestation of her grief and the various forms it takes.

The balance of flippancy and despair is struck expertly from scene to scene, with every encounter a reference to the mind's ability to repair itself through grief and laughter in a gradually changing ratio, weighted from the former to the latter. From the point where Alice falls down into a hole of unbearable pain to find herself before the Wonderland border patrol, who demand to know the contents of her emotional baggage, it's a back and forth of antithetical emotions.

It is with a constant spattering of contemporary references - from computer games to vuvzelas - that Wade ensures the play remains anchored in the here and now whilst dealing with a devastating issue that has been a universal trauma for all humanity since time immemorial; the loss of a loved one.

A minor criticism is the fact that, after subtly and carefully placing these metaphors for Alice's grief throughout the story, there is a scene with the white rabbit explaining to her that it has all been a journey, referencing each point of her progression. Perhaps an unnecessary recounting of events, though this can be forgiven when we consider that Alice is twelve years old and it is intended for her benefit, rather than for a forgetful or ignorant audience.

A particular high point comes straight from the interval, when Alice finds herself at the flamingo croquet match with some impressively inventive set design and excellent parodying of the clichéd commentator caricature (enter the buzz-drone of the vuvus). Wonderful.



FILMREEL.

GHOSTBUSTERS/WHITE MATERIAL.

GHOSTBUSTERS. (1984)
DIRECTOR - IVAN REITMAN.

REVIEWER – SARA HILL.

The 80s. Cinema cheese was good back then; a finely aged Stilton as compared to the plastic slice on a burger of today's offerings. Perhaps in a couple of decades we'll be having Back to the 00s Series, but we'll be hard pressed to find a rival to the silly-grin nostalgia generated by Ghostbusters.

We all know the story don't we?

It begins with parapsychology professors, who are ridiculed for their work, losing their jobs.

It continues with said professors setting themselves up as pest controllers for wandering spirits.

It ends with a battle to save the city and, most importantly, Sigourney Weaver, from an interestingly dressed Sumerian deity and the angry Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man.

Of course it is well written, meticulously constructed and the attention to detail is impressive. It's worth watching simply for the periphery characters' hilarity and amusingly bearded extras. The special effects were great at the time and, despite losing their impact with all the current strides in technology, they still manage to raise a titter when the library ghost wigs out. The soundtrack is still guaranteed to have heads a-bobbing and toes a-tapping. Ghostbusters, however, is so much more than the sum of its parts. Putting a finger on exactly why so many love this film is like trying to pin down Slimer for a bath, yet it is almost universally enjoyed.

Bill Murray is a living God. That helps. His performance throughout is a perfectly nuanced deadpan dream that never slips or fails to deliver a line with the correct amount of irreverence. That's not to disparage the rest of the cast, far from it. Each accomplishes the task admirably and they work extremely well together; a special mention has to go to Annie Potts as Janine, their harrassed secretary. That's a voice you wont forget in a hurry.

All in all the chance to see this wonderful piece of filmage on the big screen is not to be missed. Ghostbusters is showing as part of the Back to the 80s Series at the Showroom, which also includes classics such as **This is Spinal Tap** and **Die Hard** (for information on all the films in this programme visit www.showroomworkstation.org.uk). Catch Ghostbusters from 27th August till 2nd September, always remember who you're gonna call and never cross those proton streams. Unless threatened by humanoid confectionery.

WHITE MATERIAL. (2009)
DIRECTOR - CLARE DENIS.

REVIEWER - OWEN COGAN.

White Material is a French film about an unnamed African state collapsing into civil war. We assume from the fact that everyone can speak French that the film is taking place in a former French colony. Maria Vial, our protagonist, is a coffee farmer who insists that she will not abandon her farm as the world around her dissolves into panic and violence. The colonial white population is being blamed for the nation's problems by both the military establishment and the opposition rebel movement. Radio DJs make hateful speeches celebrating the chaos and the position of Maria, her son and her husband becomes increasingly perilous.

Denis' film is at once stylish and grim; she tells the story in a daringly disjointed manner. We jump from present to past to future in a jarring fashion which mimics Maria's disorientation and fractured, panicky perspective. There is no clarity in what we are seeing, just a restless sense of unease and confusion. Maria's motivation alludes us, leaving us unsure whether she is insane, brave or stupid. The film is profoundly unsettling because it doesn't offer the viewer any form of orientation. There is no moral structure or message to the story; there is in fact barely a story. That's not to say that the piece is cold or nihilistic. The suffering of the characters is distressing and the violence appalling. It is rather that the filmmaker, instead of trying to inform or emotionally engage the audience, is attempting to disorientate, nauseate and horrify. It is this lack of moralising and emotiveness which gives the film its power. The movie, like the situation being portrayed, is saturated with violence, chaos and confusion and the horror this invokes in the audience is itself the moral message of the film. Denis refuses to explain or analyse the situation and this makes you remarkably uncomfortable. There is a madness to the whole experience, whether it's in Maria's infuriating denial, her sons psychotic breakdown or the fractured way the story is passed to us. Denis' film offers us the psychological despair and depravity of civil war rather than any righteous indignation.

Watching White Material isn't a massively pleasant experience - in fact it left me feeling distressed and the taste of the desperately harrowing atmosphere remained with me for some time - but it is an excellent film with a powerful message. If you're up for something serious that might upset you a little, check it out.

White Material was screened as part of the Showroom's Claire Denis retrospective which ran over the course of July and included Denis' entire body of work.



ABBEYDALE BREWERY & THE RISING SUN. ABBEYDALEBREWERY.CO.UK 0114 281 2712

Boozing is, for many of us, pretty ace. It is extra specially ace when we dig past the monopoly of the 'big six' pub co's (see Independent Ale, NT 28) and find a host of people quietly working at producing very individual, very special ales.

As is so often the case, these heroes remain painfully unsung and, as it will be apparent to regular readers, we want that to change.

One of the best of these little known stars of the Sheffield brewing trade is the Abbeydale Brewery. Tucked away just off Abbeydale Rd, this self-sufficient entity properly epitomises the old-school, small-scale, big-hearted brewery of yore.

Sue and Patrick have been in this game a good while and have created some true classics, not least their flagship ale Moonshine - a silky smooth pale ale with an unusual ability to quench your thirst as well as tickle your pallet. Amongst the finest pale ales we've ever tasted. Easy. Alongside the old standard bearer are a relatively huge selection of real ales for the size of the operation, all with names as original as their flavours and all made with as much love as water. A personal favourite is Dark Side of the Moonshine. Yep, a shadowy alter-ego to it's refreshing and light counterpart, Dark Side is certainly one to be had with a hearty meal.

The brewery also owns a proper real ale boozer called the Rising Sun, which naturally hosts a seasonal selection of the brewery's finest as well as the ever-expanding beer festival SunFest, where a whole rake of locally brewed ales can be enjoyed with fellow enthusiasts and members of the community. You can find it on the back cover map.

Sensible drinking doesn't just mean knowing when to stop - it's as much about knowing where to start. There's a whole lot of choice just beyond that Carlsberg poster.

NETHER EDGE. S7.

A couple of months ago we ran a feature on Sharrow Vale Road and its uncanny ability to flourish in such close proximity to a major chain supermarket. We marvelled at the sense of community, the quality and character of each individual trader. Since then we have been actively seeking out similar success stories of centres of independent trade and we have been over the moon with our findings.

In true Sheffield form, Nether Edge is a self-contained and tightly knit community. Having been struck hard with the place, it's tempting to romanticise about the Dickensian feel of Nether Edge, how at the crossroads in the centre of the area you will seldom see a passer by that isn't waving across the way to a friend or neighbour like a sepia-toned time gone by. But there's a backbone to this community that transcends the blue skies and birdsong, one which will ensure that it continues to thrive in spite of the corporate executives' best efforts to muscle in.

Again situated only a stone's throw away from a Tesco and a Sainsburys, the people here have collectively snubbed the corporate beast in favour of the quality and individuality of local traders on their own doorsteps.

Pay a visit to the Old Sweet Shop, an independent art gallery, and next door you'll find a quirky and unusual gift shop called Wickwire. Just a little way further is organic wholefoods shop Zed on the Edge and then back to the crossroads for a bistro and deli-to-die-for called Homemade (seriously, make it to Wednesday's burger night. Words don't cover it). Plus to top it all off there's a crackin' local with a perfect pool table, the Byron House.

When you add Pops' Supermarket to this collection you find that Nether Edge truly provides the opportunity to shop for everything independently. Pops has been trading for almost four decades and is still going strong thanks to their bizarrely low prices and friendly service.

Game of tops anyone?

THE ILLUSIONIST. SHOWROOM CINEMA, 20TH AUGUST. SHOWROOMCINEMA.ORG.UK

The Showroom is renowned for its pick of great films which don't leave you stale and wishing the invention of technology had slowed to a halt around 1990 (Inception, ahem!). In this vein they are showing the Illusionist towards the end of August, which is an animation from the same fella who directed Belleville Rendezvous and thus well worth a visit on that fact alone.

The film itself is a hand-drawn animation based on the screenplay by Jacques Tati and is a simple story about an old vaudevillian and a young girl in the late 1950s. After being fired from a leading Paris theatre he is forced to travel to find paid work. The two characters end up in Edinburgh in a combination of a coming-of-age story and an end-of-an-era story; the whole portrayed in a magical and timeless non-CGI animation.

BOK! STUDIOS. JOHN STREET. MYSPEACE.COM/BOK_STUDIOS

Run by a thoroughly lovely chap by the name of Bongo Bert - who you will certainly have seen bezzing around in his spray painted van - Bok! Studios has hosted some of Sheffield's biggest names of late.

The list is an impressive one, including the Long Blondes, Reverend and the Makers and one Mr. R. Manuva for a kick-off, and with mega cheap rates, you could be the next ones on it.

Bert is a professional percussion teacher (hence the epithet) who is currently coaching a group of seven to nine-year-olds through a competition that could see them in the Albert Hall for the finals. Big league stuff. He also tells us the studios are regularly used by kids from the area to record their own grime and bassline tracks. Head in the clouds, but feet on the ground. Long may it continue.

MOZILLA THUNDERBIRD. ANOTHER SMALL STEP TO SHAFT BILL GATES. MOZILLA.COM

These days many of us are familiar with alternative web browsers such as Firefox, Chrome, Safari and the like. We all like to get something for free and it is all the sweeter for the metaphorical middle finger it casts towards the giants such as Microsoft. Far more than a nerd turf war, the use of open source software and file formats gives us - the consumers and online communities - control and input into the infrastructures being developed for our use.

With that we give you: Mozilla Thunderbird. It's been around a while, but is surprisingly underused. Thunderbird does everything Outlook and Outlook Express do and more. With hundreds of add ons to customise its functions, constant updates (which work) and free online support forums; what more could you ask in an email client?

You want independent? Community led? Consumer power? You want open source.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

CARNIVÀLE. 2003. DANIEL KNAUF. HBO.

There are some notable exceptions in the blocked toilet of television and one of these is the remarkable work of Carnivàle. Taking place across two seasons in a beautifully realised American 1930s dustbowl setting, the show follows a carnival through a tale of good versus evil and an allegory of human history. The introductory monologue references the first atomic bomb test and Carnivàle segues easily from this through tarot card imagery and religious iconography to social issues such as class and poverty.

The cast of characters is a joy; they are not always likeable or smart or right, giving them a more realistic tint than most television protagonists, despite the elements of fantasy in their setting.

We will not reveal story details here but just urge you to watch it. Sink into a show that, whilst not always comfortable, is always astounding.

DEFUNKT. UPSTAIRS@DQ. 20TH AUGUST. £3.

A new funk night is hitting the clubbing world of Sheffield. The opening night, at the special price of £3, will be taking place on the 20th of August with Defunkt's stated aim being to bring you the most infectious beats around from classic funk, through Motown, Stax, Atlantic and rare cuts.

Fancy something a bit different in your club night? This is the one for you. Shake off the shackles of work and move to a different rhythm on your Friday night.

Resident DJ Ed Cosens (Reverend & the Makers) will be joined by special guests, live music and other goodies alongside - keep a weather eye on the interweb for more details.

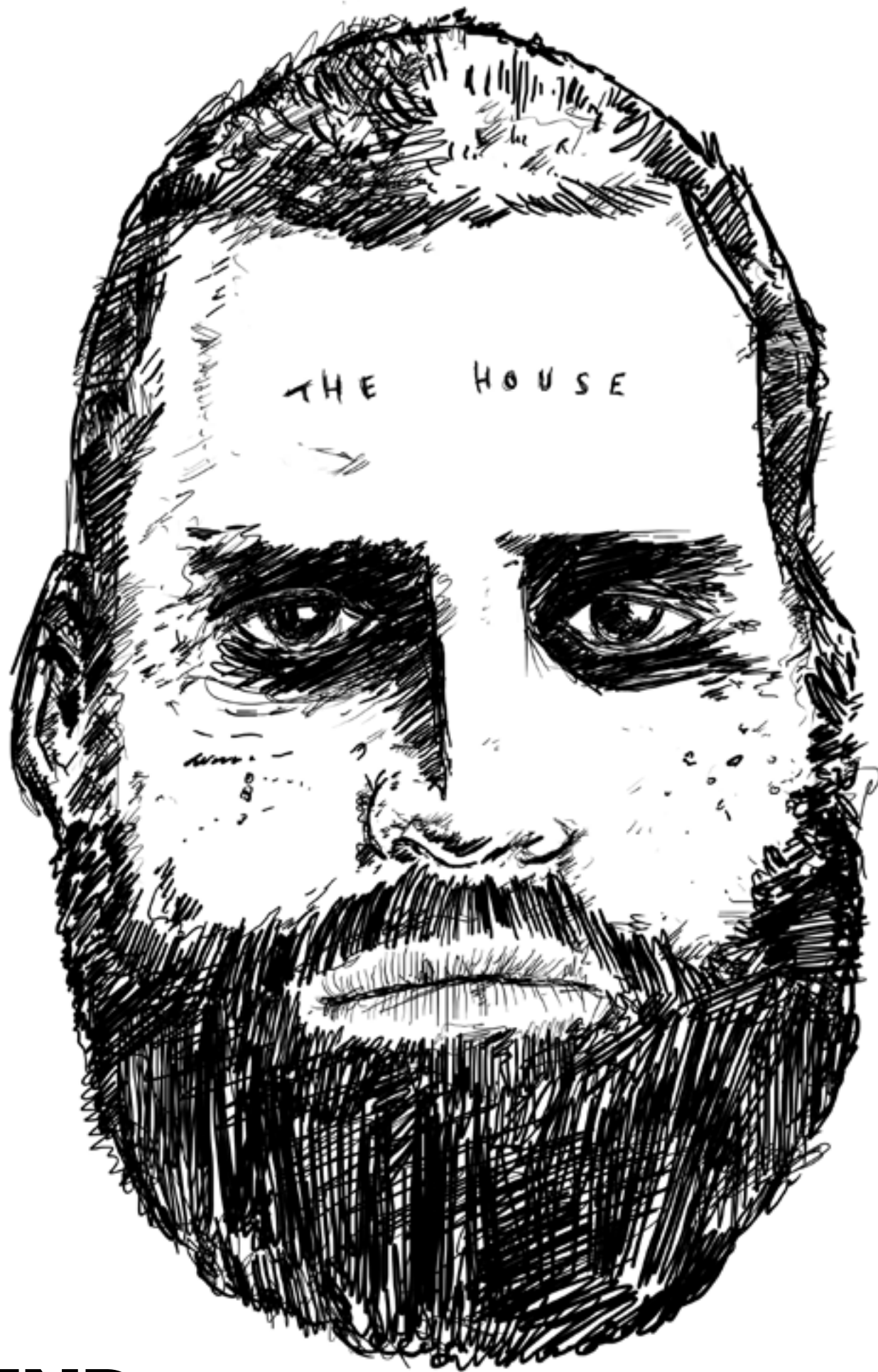
This will be happening every 3rd Friday of the month from 10pm till 2am. Dancing shoes will be required.

THE EDEN FESTIVAL. EDEN FESTIVAL.CO.UK

From the 3rd to the 5th of September the beautiful Raehills Meadow in Dumfries and Galloway will be playing host to the delightfully charming Eden Festival. Boasting an eclectic mix of entertainment, art and environmentalism, the festival manages to retain a family friendly atmosphere without becoming dull for the adults sans children.

The event will run to strict ethical and environmental principles and showcase work from artists and traders in the local community in the stunning decoration adorning the site. An array of eight stages will bring you a wide range of treats including some of our very own Sheffielders. Keep an ear out for Gremlin Cycles, Sequoia Sound System, the Tuesday Club residents, Junglist Alliance and many more.

So while it may seem a fair trek, who can resist the temptation to escape from this world into a slightly more magical one?



END.
YOU HEARD.

WORKSTATION BE PART OF THE ACTION CREATIVE SPACES/ MEETING ROOMS/ VIRTUAL OFFICE/ BUSINESS SUPPORT LET YOUR IMAGINATION WORK

CHECK OUT WWW.SHOWROOMWORKSTATION.ORG.UK
OR CALL US ON 0114 2796511 TO ARRANGE A VISIT



ka business services

T. 01709 523085
M. 07967 324044

www.kabusinessservices.co.uk
E. info@kabusinessservices.co.uk

A. 2 Scovell Avenue, Upper Haugh,
Rotherham S62 7DY

Payroll **vat returns** bookkeeping
accounting self assessment
business start up

We don't promise, what we can't deliver.



You could spend some Quality Time...

People who volunteer feel healthier, with
greater self-confidence and inner well-being

Why not give it a go?
The opportunities may surprise you!

Find out more at:
www.sheffieldqualitytime.wordpress.com

...Volunteering



A black and white map of a road network with 34 numbered nodes. The map shows a complex web of roads, including major thoroughfares like Broad Lane, West Street, Ecclesall Road, and Arrebydale Road. Nodes are marked with white circles containing black numbers. The map is oriented with North at the top.

- | | | | | | |
|-----|----------------------|-----|------------------------|-----|---------------------|
| 1. | R.HAYMAN | 14. | ETHIO CUBANO | 25. | THE VINE INN |
| 2. | NEW YORK DELI | 15. | PLUG | 26. | CAFE EURO |
| | KELHAM ISLAND. | 16. | SHOWROOM / WORKSTATION | 27. | BOK STUDIO |
| 3. | GARDENERS REST | | ECCLESALL ROAD. | | NETHEREDGE. |
| 4. | KELHAM ISLAND TAVERN | 17. | COCOA | 28. | HOMEMADE |
| 5. | THE FAT CAT | 18. | SPOILT FOR CHOICE | 29. | THE OLDSWEET SHOP |
| | | 19. | KUJI | 30. | POPS SUPERMARKET |
| 6. | BEANIES | | | 31. | WICKWIRE |
| 7. | THE RED HOUSE | | SHARROWVALE ROAD. | 32. | THE BYRON HOTEL |
| 8. | THE HARLEY | 20. | RONEYS | | |
| 9. | THE RISING SUN | 21. | SHARROW MARROW | 33. | ABBEYDALE BREWERY |
| 10. | RARE & RACY | 22. | BILASH | 34. | THORNBRIDGE BREWERY |
| 11. | V.A.S. | 23. | JH MANN | | |
| 12. | CORPORATION | 24. | PORTER BOOKS | | |
| 13. | CRUCIBLE THEATRES | | | | |